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TENNYSON

AYLMER'S FIELD

WITH

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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PREFATORY NOTE.

For part of the General Introduction to this volume I am indebted to my colleague, Mr. F. J. Rowe; whom, together with Mr. K. Deighton, I wish to thank for several valuable suggestions embodied in the Notes.

The Notes enclosed in brackets and signed H. T. have been sent by the Hon. Hallam Tennyson, to whom the proofs of this edition have been submitted.

W. T. W.

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION,

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Biography. I. Tennyson the man : (1) His sense of Law shown in his conceptions (*a*) of Nature ; (*b*) of Freedom ; (*c*) of Love ; (*d*) of Scenery. (2) His nobility of thought. (3) His simplicity of emotion. II. Tennyson the Poet : (1) As Representative of his Age. (2) As Artist : (*a*) His observation ; (*b*) His scholarship ; (*c*) His expressiveness ; (*d*) His avoidance of commonplace ; (*e*) His metrical characteristics : harmony of rhythm ; melody of diction —Conclusion.

Biography.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, was born on August 6th, 1809, at Somersby, a village in Lincolnshire, of which his father was rector. The wolds surrounding his home, the fen some miles away, with its "level waste" and "trenched waters," and the sea on the Lincolnshire coast, with "league-long rollers" and "table-shore," are pictured again and again in his poems.

When seven years old, he went to the Louth Grammar School, and returning home after a few years there, was educated with his elder brother Charles by his father. Charles and Alfred Tennyson, while yet youths, published in 1827 a small volume of poetry entitled *Poems by Two Brothers.* In 1828 the two brothers entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where Alfred gained the University Chancellor's gold medal for a poem on *Timbuctoo*, and where he formed an intimate friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam (son of the historian),

whose memory he has immortalised in *In Memoriam*. Among his other Cambridge friends may be mentioned R. C. Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), J. M. Kemble (the Anglo-Saxon scholar), Merivale (the historian, afterwards Dean of Ely), James Spedding, and W. H. Brookfield. In 1830 Tennyson published his *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, among which are to be found some sixty pieces that are preserved in the present issues of his works. In 1832 *Poems by Alfred Tennyson* appeared, and then, after an interval of ten years, two more volumes, also with the title *Poems*. His reputation as a poet was now established, though his greatest works were yet to come. Chief among these are *The Princess* (1847), *In Memoriam* (1850), *Maud* (1855), *Idylls of the King* (1859-1885), and *Enoch Arden* (1864). In 1875 Tennyson published his first drama, *Queen Mary*, which was followed by *Harold* (1877), *The Cup* (acted in 1881), *The Promise of May* (1882), *The Falcon*, and *Becket* (1884). Meanwhile, on the death of Wordsworth in 1850, Tennyson was appointed to succeed him as Poet Laureate. In 1874, he was gazetted Baron of Aldworth and Farringford, his two seats in Sussex and in the Isle of Wight.

I. Tennyson the man.

I. Of all modern English poets Tennyson has most readers: the chief elements of the powerful charm which he exercises over the hearts and minds of all English-speaking peoples will be evident on even a brief survey of the character of his mind as revealed in his works, and of the form and matter of his verse. At the basis of all Tennyson's teaching, indeed of all his work, is Tennyson the man. The mould of a poet's mind is the mould in which his thoughts and even his modes of

expression must run, and the works of a poet cannot be fully understood unless we understand the poet himself.

(1) His sense of Law

1. Conspicuous among the main currents of thought and feeling that flow through the body of his writings is his perception of the movement of Law throughout the worlds of sense and of spirit: he recognises therein a settled scheme of great purposes underlying a universal order and gradually developing to completion.

shown in his conceptions (*a*) of Nature;

(*a*) Illustrations of this recognition of pervading Law may be found in his conception of Nature, and in his treatment of human action and of natural scenery. Nature, which to Shelley was a spirit of Love, and to Wordsworth a living and speaking presence of Thought, is to Tennyson a process of Law including both. Even in the midst of his mourning over the seeming waste involved in the early death of his friend, he can write in *In Memoriam*

> I curse not nature, no, nor death;
> For nothing is that errs from law.

In all the workings of Nature he traces the evolution of the great designs of God—

> That God, which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves.

In *The Higher Pantheism*, a similar thought is found:

> God is law, say the wise; O soul, and let us rejoice,
> For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice.

(*b*) of Freedom;

(*b*) Allied to this faith that the universe is "roll'd round by one fixt law" is the poet's sympathy with disciplined

order in the various spheres of human action. In politics his ideal Freedom is "sober-suited"; it is such a Freedom as has been evolved by the gradual growth of English institutions, a Freedom which

> slowly broadens down
> From precedent to precedent.

He has small faith in sudden outbursts of revolutionary fervour; he thinks that the "red fool fury of the Seine," the "flashing heats" of the "frantic city," retard man's progress towards real liberty: they "but fire to blast the hopes of men." If liberty is to be a solid and lasting possession, it must be gained by patient years of working and waiting, not by "Raw Haste, half-sister of Delay." So also Tennyson's love for his own country is regulated and philosophic: he has given us a few patriotic martial lyrics that stir the living blood "like a trumpet call," as *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and *The Revenge*, but in the main his patriotism is founded on admiration for the great "storied past" of England. Though in youth he triumphs in "the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be," yet neither in youth nor in age is he himself without some sympathy with a distrust of the new democratic forces which may end in "working their own doom:"

> Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known to all,
> Step by step we rose to greatness—thro' the tongue sters we may fall.

(c) of Love; (*c*) Again, in his conception of the passion of Love, and in his portraiture of Womanhood, the same spirit of reverence and self-control animates Tennyson's verse. Love,

in Tennyson, is a pure unselfish passion. Even the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere is described from a spiritual standpoint, in its evil effects rather than in its sensuous details. His highest ideal of love is found in the pure passion of wedded life : true love can exist only under the sanction of Duty and of reverence for womanhood and one's higher self ; and such love is the source of man's loftiest ideas, and inspires his noblest deeds.

(*d*) Lastly, Tennyson's appreciation of Order is illustrated in his treatment of natural scenery. He gives us scenes of savage grandeur, as in (*d*) of Scenery.

> the monstrous ledges slope and spill
> Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,

but he oftener describes still English landscapes, the "homes of ancient peace," with "plaited alleys" and "terrace-lawn," of "long, gray fields," "tracts of pasture sunny warm," and all the ordered quiet of rural life.

2. A second great element of Tennyson's character is its noble tone. This pervades every poem he has ever written. His verse is informed with the very spirit of Honour, of Duty, and of Reverence for all that is pure and true. (2) His nobility of thought.

3. Another main characteristic of Tennyson is simplicity. The emotions that he appeals to are generally easy to understand and common to all. He avoids the subtle analysis of character, and the painting of complex motives or of the wild excess of passion. The moral laws which he so strongly upholds are those primary sanctions upon which average English society is founded. A certain Puritan simplicity and a scholarly restraint pervade the mass of his work. (3) His simplicity of emotion.

It is on these foundations of Order, Nobility, and Simplicity that Tennyson's character is built.

II. Tennyson the Poet:

II. Turning now to the matter or substance of his poems, we note, first, that the two chief factors of Tennyson's popularity are that he is a representative English poet, and that he is a consummate Artist.

(1) as Representative of his Age;

In the great spheres of human thought—in religion, in morals, in social life—his poems reflect the complex tendencies of his age and his surroundings. Not, it may be, the most advanced ideas, not the latest speculation, not the transient contentions of the hour; but the broad results of culture and experience upon the poet's English contemporaries. The ground of Tennyson's claim to be considered a representative of his age is seen in the lines of thought pursued in some of those more important poems which deal with the great problems and paramount interests of his times. The poems cover a period of fifty years, and must be considered in the order of their publication. In *Locksley Hall*, published in 1842, the speaker, after giving vent to his own tale of passion and regret, becomes the mouthpiece of the young hopes and aspirations of the Liberalism of the early Victorian era, while in *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, the doubts and distrust felt by the Conservatism of our own times find dramatic utterance. *The Princess* deals with a question of lasting interest to society, and one which has of late years risen into more conspicuous importance, the changing position and proper sphere of Woman. In *The Palace of Art* the poet describes and condemns a spirit of æstheticism whose sole religion is the worship of Beauty and Knowledge for their own sakes, and which ignores human

responsibility and obligations to one's fellow-men: while in *St. Simeon Stylites*, the poet equally condemns the evils of a self-centred religious asceticism which despises the active duties of daily life. *The Vision of Sin* is a picture of the perversion of nature and of the final despair which attend the pursuit of sensual pleasure. *The Two Voices* illustrates the introspective self-analysis with which the age discusses the fundamental problem of existence, finding all solutions vain except those dictated by the simplest voices of the conscience and the heart. The poet's great work, *In Memoriam*, is the history of a tender human soul confronted with the stern, relentless order of the Universe and the seeming waste and cruelty of Death. The poem traces the progress of sorrow from the Valley of Death, over-shadowed by the darkness of unspeakable loss, through the regions of philosophic doubt and meditation to the serene heights of resignation and hope, where Faith and Love can triumph over Death in the confident hope of a life beyond, and over Doubt by the realisation

> That all, as in some piece of art,
> Is toil cöoperant to an end.

Maud is dated at the conclusion of that long period of peace which preceded the Crimean War, when the commercial prosperity of England had reached a height unknown before, and when "Britain's sole god" was the millionaire. The poem gives a dramatic rendering of the revolt of a cultured mind against the hypocrisy and corruptions of a society degraded by the worship of Mammon, though the hero inherits a vein of insanity

and speaks too bitterly. The teaching of Tennyson's longest, and in many respects greatest, poem—the spreading mischief of a moral taint—is discussed at length in the Introduction to *The Coming of Arthur and the Passing of Arthur.*[1] Here too Tennyson expresses one of the deepest convictions of his time.

(2) as Artist.

But if Tennyson's popularity is based upon a correspondence between his own reverence for Law and the deepest foundations of English character, it is based no less upon his delicate power as an Artist. Among the elements of this power may be mentioned a minute observation of Nature which furnishes him with a store of poetic description and imagery; a scholarly appreciation of all that is most picturesque in the literature of the past; an exquisite precision in the use of words and phrases; an avoidance of the commonplace; the expressive harmonies of his rhythm, and the subtle melody of his diction.

(*a*) His observation.

(*a*) For minute observation and vivid painting of the details of natural scenery Tennyson is without a rival. We feel that he has seen all that he describes. This may be illustrated by a few examples of his tree-studies :—

> hair
> In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
> Divides three-fold to show the fruit within
> (*The Brook*)

> those eyes
> Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
> More black than ashbuds in the front of March
> (*The Gardener's Daughter*)

[1] *Macmillan and Co.*

With blasts that blow the poplar white
(*In Memoriam*)

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
(*Maud*)

a stump of oak half-dead,
From roots like some black coil of carven snakes,
Clutch'd at the crag (*The Last Tournament*).

We may also notice the exactness of the epithets in "*perky* larches," "*dry-tongu'd* laurels," "*pillar'd dusk* of *sounding* sycamores," "laburnums, *dropping-wells of fire.*"

Equally exact are his descriptions of scientific phenomena :—

Before the little ducts began
To feed thy bones with lime, and ran
Their course till thou wert also man (*The Two Voices*)

Still, as while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring (*The Palace of Art*).

This accurate realisation of scientific facts is often of service in furnishing apt illustrations of moral truths or of emotions of the mind :—

Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears
That grief has shaken into frost (*In Memoriam*)

Prayer, from a living source within the will,
And beating up through all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet waters in the sea
(*Enoch Arden*).

(*b*) Allusions to the Classics of more than one land may be found in Tennyson. Lines and expressions would seem sometimes to be suggested by the Greek or

(*b*) His scholarship.

Latin poets, and in these the translation is generally so happy a rendering of the original as to give an added grace to what was already beautiful. Illustrations of this characteristic will be found among the Notes at the end of this volume. There is occasionally a reconditeness about these allusions which may puzzle the general reader. For example, in the lines

> And over those ethereal eyes
> The bar of Michael Angelo (*In Memoriam*)

where the reference is to the projection of the frontal bone above the eye-brows noticeable in the portraits of Michael Angelo and of Arthur Hallam, a peculiarity of shape said to indicate strength of character and mental power. Similarly in

> Proxy-wedded with a bootless calf (*The Princess*)

we find an allusion to an old ceremony of marriage by proxy, where an ambassador or agent representing the absent bridegroom, after taking off his boot, placed his leg in the bridal bed.

(*c*) His expressiveness.

(*c*) We may next note Tennyson's unequalled power of finding single words to give at a flash, as it were, an exact picture. What he has written of Virgil's art is equally true of his own, which offers us

> All the charm of all the Muses
> often flowering in a lonely word.

This power of fitting the word to the thought may be seen in the following examples: "*creamy* spray"; "*lily* maid"; "the ripple *washing* in the reeds" and "the

wild water *lapping* on the crag"; "the dying ebb that faintly *lipp'd* the flat red granite"; "as the fiery Sirius *bickers* into red and emerald"; "women *blowz'd* with health and wind and rain."

(*d*) His avoidance of commonplace.

(*d*) Possessing such a faculty of appropriate expression, the poet naturally avoids the commonplace: Tennyson not only rigidly excludes all otiose epithets and stop-gap phrases, but often, where other writers would use some familiar, well-worn word, he selects one less known but equally true and expressive. He has a distinct fondness for good old Saxon words and expressions, and has helped to rescue many of these from undeserved oblivion. Thus, for the "skinflint" of common parlance he substitutes (in *Walking to the Mail*) the "flayflint" of Ray's *Proverbs;* in place of "blindman's buff" is found the older "hoodman blind" (*In Memoriam*); for "village and cowshed" he writes "thorpe and byre" (*The Victim*), while in *The Brook* the French "cricket" appears as the Saxon "grig." Other examples might be quoted, *e.g.*, *lurdane*, *rathe*, *plash*, *brewis*, *thrall'd*, *boles*, *quitch*, *reckling*, *roky*, *yaffingale*. Occasionally he prefers a word of his own coinage, as *tonguester*, *selfless*. This tendency to avoid the commonplace is noticeable not only in separate words, but in the rendering of ideas, a poetic dress being given to prosaic details by a kind of stately circumlocution: thus in *The Princess* the hero's northern birthplace is indicated by his telling us that "on my cradle shone the Northern star"; and to describe the hour before the planet Venus had sunk into the sea, the poet writes:

> Before the crimson-circled star
> Had fall'n into her father's grave.

(e) His metrical characteristics.

(*e*) Lastly, if we examine the metrical characteristics of Tennyson's poetry, we observe that the sense of majestic order and gradual development pervading the substance of his poems is not more conspicuous than is the sense of music which governs the style of his versification. He knows all the secrets of harmonious rhythm and melodious diction; he has re-cast and polished his earlier poems with such minute and scrupulous care that he has at length attained a metrical form more perfect than has been reached by any other poet. Several illustrations of the delicacy of his sense of metre are pointed out in the Notes. A few more examples may be here quoted to show how frequently in his verse the sound echoes the sense. This is seen in his Representative Rhythms:

His harmony of rhythm.

(*a*) The first syllable or half-foot of a line of blank verse is often accented and cut off from the rest of the line by a pause, to indicate some sudden emphatic action or startling sight or sound, breaking the flow of the narrative:

his arms
Clash'd: and the sound was good to Gareth's ear
(*Gareth and Lynette*)

Charm'd, till Sir Kay, the seneschal, would come (*Ib.*)

Shock, that a man far-off might well perceive
(*Lancelot and Elaine*)

Flash'd, and he call'd, 'I fight upon thy side'
(*Pelleas and Etarre*)

Back, as a hand that pushes thro' the leaf (*Ib.*)

Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave
Drops flat (*The Last Tournament*).

Occasionally the whole first foot is thus cut off:

made his horse
Caracole: then bowed his homage, bluntly saying
(*The Last Tournament*)

Who stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,
Glorying: and in the stream beneath him shone
(*Gareth and Lynette*)

(β) Action rapidly repeated is represented by an unusual number of unaccented syllables in one line. Thus we almost hear the rush of waters in such lines as

Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn (*The Princess*)

Of some precipitous rivulet to the sea (*Enoch Arden*)

while the rapid warble of song-birds sounds through

Melody on branch and melody in mid-air
(*Gareth and Lynette*).

(γ) Contrast with the above the majestic effect produced by the sustained rhythm and the broad vowel sounds in

By the long wash of Australasian seas (*The Brook*)

The league-long roller thundering on the reef
(*Enoch Arden*).

(δ) Variations from the usual iambic regularity of blank verse, attained by placing the accent on the first instead of the second half-foot, are introduced, often to represent intermittent action, as in

Dówn the lóng tówer stáirs hésitating
(*Lancelot and Elaine*).

His melody of diction.

Tennyson's sense of music is equally conspicuous in the melody of his diction. The mere sound of his words and phrases lingers in the brain, apart from any meaning, as the echoes of a musical cadence linger along a vaulted roof. This is in the main due to his selection of melodious vowels and liquid consonants, and also to his skilful use of alliteration. Examples are everywhere :

> The *m*oan of doves in i*mmem*ori*al elm*s,
> And *murmur*ing of innu*mer*ab*l*e bees (*The Princess*)

> As 'twere a hund*r*ed *thr*oa*t*ed nigh*t*ingale,
> The strong *t*empes*t*uous *tr*eble *thr*obb'd and palpi*t*a*t*ed
> (*The Vision of Sin*)

> The *l*ong *l*ow d*un*e and *l*azy p*lun*ging sea
> (*The Last Tournament*)

> *Br*east-high in that *br*ight line of *br*acken stood
> (*Pelleas and Etarre*)

> All day the wind breathes *low* with me*llow*er tone
> Through every h*ollow* cave and a*ll*ey *l*one
> (*The Lotus Eaters*).

In double words initial alliteration is conspicuous :— "breaker-beaten," "flesh-fall'n," "gloomy-gladed," "lady-laden," "mock-meek," "point-painted," "rain-rotten," "storm-strengthen'd," "tongue-torn," "work-wan." We also find "slowly-mellowing," "hollower-bellowing," "ever-veering," "heavy-shotted hammock-shroud." In no English poet, perhaps only in Homer and Vergil, is this kinship of poetry and music so evident as in Tennyson.

Such is Tennyson, and such his lyric and his narrative poetry. In these lies his strength. His three historical dramas, *Harold*, *Becket*, and *Queen Mary*, are full of deep research and vivid character-painting. *Queen Mary*, *The Cup*, *The Falcon*, and *The Promise of May* have been placed on the stage.[1] His lyrical poems, his *In Memoriam*, and his *Idylls*, have become an integral part of the literature of the world, and so long as purity and loftiness of thought expressed in perfect form have power to charm, will remain a possession for ever. Conclusion.

[1] *The Cup* and *The Falcon* were each played during a London season to full houses. G. H. Lewes often said that Tennyson's plays would, if arranged, be preeminently fitted for the stage; and that he was sure the public in the future would not be slow to recognise the many magnificent situations that occur throughout his dramatic works. It is interesting to remember that Robert Browning used to point out the scene of the oath over the saint's bones in *Harold*, as a marvellously actable scene, and that he expressed his admiration of the dramatic qualities of *Queen Mary*.

INTRODUCTION TO AYLMER'S FIELD.

Date, Locality, and Title.

Aylmer's Field was first published in 1864. Aylmerston, a village in Norfolk, has been said to be the scene of the poem; but the description of the locality as "a land of hops" (l. 31) shows that it must be laid in some more southern English county, such as Kent or Sussex. The title—*Aylmer's Field*—points to the desolation that overwhelmed the ancestral abode of the Aylmer family, when

> "The great Hall was wholly broken down,
> And the broad woodland parcell'd into farms,"

and thus what was once Aylmer's *Hall* came to be known as Aylmer's *Field*.

Story of the Poem.

The story of the poem is briefly this:—Sir Aylmer Aylmer is one of the English landed gentry, proud of his birth and station; his wife, once a well-known beauty, is a mere shadow of himself. They have one lovely daughter, Edith, sole heiress to their wealth and name, a benefactor of the poor and favourite of all who know her. Averill is rector of the parish, and Leolin is his brother. Leolin and Edith grow up together, and their childish intimacy ripens into love in their maturer years. Edith is enlightened as to the state of her own feelings towards Leolin by a "flash of semi-jealousy," on

his part, of an Indian kinsman who comes and makes her presents, among them being a dagger of beautiful workmanship. This dagger she gives to Leolin. Then Sir Aylmer's eyes are suddenly opened to the love-making between the two, Leolin is violently driven from his doors, and Edith is kept close at home. The indignant Leolin goes off to his law studies, determined to make a name for himself, and meanwhile he and Edith carry on a clandestine correspondence with each other. This is discovered and stopped, neither of them understanding how. Edith is more closely shut up than ever; she loses her health, is caught by a passing fever, and dies with Leolin's name upon her lips. Leolin hears her call him in his sleep, as it seems, and answers her, trembling with excitement. The next day comes the dreadful news, and Leolin stabs himself with the dagger that Edith had given him. On a following Sunday morning, Averill is asked to preach Edith's funeral sermon. He takes for his text, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate," and denounces in terrible words of doom the pride and self-seeking of the Aylmer parents. Lady Aylmer faints and is carried out of the church, and the heart-stricken Sir Aylmer staggers out behind her, followed by the frowns of the assembled villagers. Lady Aylmer dies in a month, and Sir Aylmer becomes imbecile, and two years later is laid beside his wife and daughter. Then the great Hall is pulled down, and its site is turned into a haunt for the mole and the hedgehog.

Style.

In point of style, the main characteristic of *Aylmer's Field* is its vigour of thought and expression. While remarkable for passages of great loveliness and pathos,

it is through its power rather than its beauty that, as a whole, it appeals to the imagination of the reader. We do not find here the studied simplicity of language and the repose of feeling that mark its companion poem, *Enoch Arden*, published originally in the same volume. But in its stern moral strength *Aylmer's Field* is unequalled among the poems of Tennyson.

Scope and Aim.

Aylmer's Field is "a protest against the tyranny of the pride of birth and wealth over love."[1] It denounces one of the chief among

> "The social lies that warp us from the living truth."

The pride depicted by the poet is of that ignoble type which leans in self-complacent egotism upon the achievements of others, without any sense that the inheritance of a noble name should be an incentive to noble deeds worthy of a great ancestry. It is the pride that is content to

> "Fall back upon a name, rest, rot in that,
> Not *keep* it noble, make it nobler."

For this false pride of birth and the Mammon-worship that so often accompanies it Tennyson cherishes a noble scorn and abhorrence, and he has branded them both in several other of his poems. For example, in *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, the pride of the heroine produces a tragical result somewhat similar to that of *Aylmer's Field*, in the suicide of "young Lawrence," the humble suitor who is scornfully rejected by this "daughter of a hundred earls." In *Maud* again it is the pride of the brother that brings about the catastrophe. Maud, like Edith, is faithful to

[1] *A Study of Tennyson.* By E. C. Tainsh.

her lover; but, like her, she cannot extricate herself from the selfish worldliness of her surroundings; and she too is parted from him and dies. In *Aylmer's Field*, Leolin is driven to despair and madness that ends in suicide; in *Maud*, the mind of the hero also gives way beneath the strain of acute suffering, but he recovers and finds a solace in noble action. In *Locksley Hall* it is the pride of wealth that steps between the two youthful lovers with its blighting influence, though with consequences less tragic than in *Aylmer's Field*, where, as in *Hamlet*, the curtain falls upon the deaths of all the chief personages in the story except one, and only Averill is left, like Horatio,

> "In this harsh world to draw his breath in pain."

Compared to *Hart-leap Well.*

The subject of Wordsworth's *Hart-leap Well* has some affinity to that of *Aylmer's Field.* In either poem the events are told or supposed to be told to the writer by an old man familiar with the traditions of the place where they occurred. Both stories turn upon wanton acts of cruelty, though in *Hart-leap Well* it is a dumb animal that is the victim, instead of human beings, as in *Aylmer's Field.* In *Hart-leap Well*, as in *Aylmer's Field*, the scene of man's pride and inhumanity is laid waste; "the spot is curst"; and Sir Walter's great lodge, like Sir Aylmer's mansion, is wholly broken down and vanishes like "a forgotten dream."

> "Now there is neither grass nor pleasant shade;
> The sun on drearier hollow never shone."

In Wordsworth's poem, however, we are not left, as in *Aylmer's Field*, to contemplate a prospect of unredeemed

ruin and desolation. There is a healing as well as a retributive power in Nature; it is true that

> "The pleasure-house is dust:—behind, before,
> This is no common waste, no common gloom;
> But Nature, in due course of time, once more
> Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom."

The Sermon.

A leading feature in *Aylmer's Field* is Averill's sermon, comprising, as it does, nearly one-fifth of the entire poem. It has been described as "a mosaic of Bible language, most curiously wrought, and fused into one living whole by the heat of an intense sorrow."[1] In its prophet-like earnestness and terrible, concentrated power, no less than in its subtly intermingled pathos and scorn, it stands unparalleled in literature. Critics have raised objections to so excellent a clergyman as Averill being represented as seizing the first opportunity of preaching publicly against two of his parishioners after their daughter's death, and have asked, "Why smite those afresh whom God had smitten so terribly already?" But such criticisms as these are wide of the mark. The poem is explicitly an idealised delineation of coarse and cruel wrong-doing followed by swift and appropriate punishment. The demands of poetical justice are satisfied to the full. Borne along by the high moral truth of the whole picture, the reader does not stop to inquire into minor details or questions of antecedent probabilities. The pathetic description of the events that come before and lead up to it, prepares his mind for the preacher's storm-blast of indignant reproach. There is no sense of incongruity; the sermon seems a natural and almost

[1] *The Poetry of Tennyson.* By Henry Van Dyke.

inevitable outcome of what precedes; and the canons of taste and of art are alike satisfied.

This sermon may be briefly paraphrased as follows :— Paraphrased.
"The worst of all the calamities that mankind has suffered under are the various forms of idolatry which put Self in the place of God. The old Baal-worshippers degraded their object of worship to their own level, but, with the coming of Christianity, better things were expected. But no! though actual idol-worship is gone, man still worships his own selfish desires and aims in the shape of wealth and rank, living in luxury and careless of his soul's welfare and of the teachings of the religion that he professes. You then, the modern self-worshipper, who ought to have known better, shall be regarded by the humbly-born but mighty Jesus as a worse idolater than the old Baal-worshipper, for you by your evil precept and example destroy the souls instead of the bodies of your children. Some possibly may escape the taint, as did the subject of my discourse, a beautiful maiden, the joy and blessing of our homes. No cottage was too humble for her to visit, no wretchedness too low for her to succour. Her hand was ever ready in works of charity and kindness, and, herself a disciple of the loving Christ, she soothed your religious doubts and sweetly healed your quarrels. Leolin was her constant companion, and might eventually have become her husband. He has died by his own hand;—a death of shame, the guilt and the disgrace of which belong not to him but to those who drove him to it. Good reason then have I, thus doubly bereaved, to say, 'My house is left unto me desolate.'

"You too, my parishioners, may well use the same words, for your loss is irreparable. But you, the unhappy parents, who have caused all this calamity,—would that you, like Jerusalem of old, had better understood your own true interests and ours! As Jerusalem had her prophets, whom she stoned, so you had your child to lead you up to higher things, and you have killed her. Jerusalem, unrepentant, was desolated by sword and fire; and you, who would not listen to the warning example of your child, have brought a like doom upon yourselves. This loss has darkened my own life and hardened my feelings; pray for me, my parishioners, for Leolin, alas, is past your prayers.

"When I first heard of these events, I, who thought myself so meek-spirited, was fain indignantly to denounce the crime that has made these two its victims. But when I see what is now going on in France, the Revolution with its Reign of Terror and ghastly, wholesale executions, I feel that this is not a time to add fuel to the angry passions of men. No less do I feel that this was not a fitting time for these Aylmers to indulge their pride. My wish, then, is that this great sin of theirs may remain concealed from the public eye, though it will, no doubt, be talked of in this neighbourhood. But I would ask you rather to pray for and pity those who have carried out their own aims and broken a union which might have perpetuated their family;—who, thinking by coarse methods to plan their daughter's welfare, have planned her death and brought misery upon their old age. Their punishment in this life is surely great enough without that of the life to come. Stript as they are of our respect and affection, with a

stranger to succeed to their property, bereft of all hope of posterity, their home desolated, bitter indeed must be their feelings as they hear me, their old friend, like them and by them bereaved, cry to them, as Christ did to the worldly, self-deluding Pharisees, 'Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!'"

Greek Tragic Feeling.

It may be remarked, in conclusion, that the Greek tragic element is strongly represented in *Aylmer's Field*. Like the haughty Œdipus, of Sophocles's drama, urged on by overmastering Destiny, Sir Aylmer, "by his own stale devil spurr'd," goes blindly on, working out his own ruin for himself. He is the Greek Hybristes, the violent, overbearing type of humanity. Or again, like the formal Cleon of the same dramatist, bent on promoting his son's best interests by "breaking the bond" between him and the noble Antigone, Sir Aylmer sets himself about "contriving his dear daughter's good," and ends in ignorantly devising her death. The irony of it all is thoroughly Greek in its texture, though the Greek notion of an inexorable Fate or Necessity is replaced in the modern poem by a vivid representation of the power of a "besetting sin," indulged and cherished, to goad a man on to his own destruction and that of others. Here, as ever, "sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

AYLMER'S FIELD.

1793.

Dust are our frames; and, gilded dust, our pride
Looks only for a moment whole and sound;
Like that long-buried body of the king,
Found lying with his urns and ornaments,
Which at a touch of light, an air of heaven,
Slipt into ashes, and was found no more.

Here is a story which in rougher shape
Came from a grizzled cripple, whom I saw
Sunning himself in a waste field alone—
Old, and a mine of memories—who had served
Long since, a bygone Rector of the place,
And been himself a part of what he told.

Sir Aylmer Aylmer, that almighty man,
The county God—in whose capacious hall,
Hung with a hundred shields, the family tree
Sprang from the midriff of a prostrate king—
Whose blazing wyvern weathercock'd the spire,

Stood from his walls and wing'd his entry-gates
And swang besides on many a windy sign—
Whose eyes from under a pyramidal head
Saw from his windows nothing save his own—
What lovelier of his own had he than her,
His only child, his Edith, whom he loved
As heiress and not heir regretfully?
But 'he that marries her marries her name'
This fiat somewhat soothed himself and wife,
His wife a faded beauty of the Baths,
Insipid as the Queen upon a card;
Her all of thought and bearing hardly more
Than his own shadow in a sickly sun.

A land of hops and poppy-mingled corn,
Little about it stirring save a brook!
A sleepy land, where under the same wheel
The same old rut would deepen year by year;
Where almost all the village had one name;
Where Aylmer followed Aylmer at the Hall
And Averill Averill at the Rectory
Thrice over; so that Rectory and Hall,
Bound in an immemorial intimacy,
Were open to each other; tho' to dream
That Love could bind them closer well had made
The hoar hair of the Baronet bristle up
With horror, worse than had he heard his priest
Preach an inverted scripture, sons of men
Daughters of God; so sleepy was the land.

And might not Averill, had he will'd it so,
Somewhere beneath his own low range of roofs,
Have also set his many-shielded tree?

There was an Aylmer-Averill marriage once.
When the red rose was redder than itself,
And York's white rose as red as Lancaster's,
With wounded peace which each had prick'd to death.
'Not proven' Averill said, or laughingly
'Some other race of Averills'—prov'n or no,
What cared he? what, if other or the same?
He lean'd not on his fathers but himself.
But Leolin, his brother, living oft
With Averill, and a year or two before
Call'd to the bar, but ever call'd away
By one low voice to one dear neighbourhood,
Would often, in his walks with Edith, claim
A distant kinship to the gracious blood
That shook the heart of Edith hearing him.

Sanguine he was: a but less vivid hue
Than of that islet in the chestnut-bloom
Flamed in his cheek; and eager eyes, that still
Took joyful note of all things joyful, beam'd,
Beneath a manelike mass of rolling gold,
Their best and brightest, when they dwelt on hers,
Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else,
But subject to the season or the mood,
Shone like a mystic star between the less
And greater glory varying to and fro,
We know not wherefore; bounteously made,
And yet so finely, that a troublous touch
Thinn'd, or would seem to thin her in a day,
A joyous to dilate, as toward the light.
And these had been together from the first.
Leolin's first nurse was, five years after, hers:
So much the boy foreran; but when his date
Doubled her own, for want of playmates, he

(Since Averill was a decad and a half
His elder, and their parents underground)
Had tost his ball and flown his kite, and roll'd
His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her dipt
Against the rush of the air in the prone swing,
Made blossom-ball or daisy-chain, arranged
Her garden, sow'd her name and kept it green
In living letters, told her fairy-tales,
Show'd her the fairy footings on the grass,
The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,
The petty marestail forest, fairy pines,
Or from the tiny pitted target blew
What look'd a flight of fairy arrows aim'd
All at one mark, all hitting: make-believes
For Edith and himself: or else he forged,
But that was later, boyish histories
Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon, wreck,
Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and true love
Crown'd after trial; sketches rude and faint,
But where a passion yet unborn perhaps
Lay hidden as the music of the moon
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.
And thus together, save for college-times
Or Temple-eaten terms, a couple, fair
As ever painter painted, poet sang,
Or Heaven in lavish bounty moulded, grew.
And more and more, the maiden woman-grown,
He wasted hours with Averill; there, when first
The tented winter-field was broken up
Into that phalanx of the summer spears
That soon should wear the garland; there again
When burr and bine were gather'd; lastly there
At Christmas; ever welcome at the Hall,
On whose dull sameness his full tide of youth
Broke with a phosphorescence charming even

My lady ; and the Baronet yet had laid
No bar between them : dull and self-involved,
Tall and erect, but bending from his height
With half-allowing smiles for all the world,
And mighty courteous in the main—his pride
Lay deeper than to wear it as his ring—
He, like an Aylmer in his Aylmerism,
Would care no more for Leolin's walking with her
Than for his old Newfoundland's, when they ran
To loose him at the stables, for he rose
Twofooted at the limit of his chain,
Roaring to make a third : and how should Love,
Whom the cross-lightnings of four chance-met eyes
Flash into fiery life from nothing, follow
Such dear familiarities of dawn ?
Seldom, but when he does, Master of all.

So these young hearts not knowing that they loved,
Not she at least, nor conscious of a bar
Between them, nor by plight or broken ring
Bound, but an immemorial intimacy,
Wander'd at will, and oft accompanied
By Averill : his, a brother's love, that hung
With wings of brooding shelter o'er her peace,
Might have been other, save for Leolin's—
Who knows ? but so they wander'd, hour by hour
Gather'd the blossom that rebloom'd, and drank
The magic cup that fill'd itself anew.

A whisper half reveal'd her to herself.
For out beyond her lodges, where the brook
Vocal, with here and there a silence, ran

By sallowy rims, arose the labourers' homes,
A frequent haunt of Edith, on low knolls
That dimpling died into each other, huts
At random scatter'd, each a nest in bloom.
Her art, her hand, her counsel all had wrought
About them: here was one that, summer-blanch'd,
Was parcel-bearded with the traveller's-joy
In Autumn, parcel ivy-clad; and here
The warm-blue breathings of a hidden hearth
Broke from a bower of vine and honey suckle:
One look'd all rosetree, and another wore
A close-set robe of jasmine sown with stars:
This had a rosy sea of gillyflowers
About it; this, a milky-way on earth,
Like visions in the Northern dreamer's heavens,
A lily-avenue climbing to the doors;
One, almost to the martin-haunted eaves
A summer burial deep in hollyhocks;
Each, its own charm; and Edith's everywhere;
And Edith ever visitant with him,
He but less loved than Edith, of her poor:
For she—so lowly-lovely and so loving,
Queenly responsive when the loyal hand
Rose from the clay it work'd in as she past,
Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice
Of comfort and an open hand of help,
A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs
Revered as theirs, but kindlier than themselves
To ailing wife or wailing infancy
Or old bedridden palsy,—was adored;
He, loved for her and for himself. A grasp
Having the warmth and muscle of the heart,
A childly way with children, and a laugh

Ringing like proven golden coinage true,
Were no false passport to that easy realm,
Where once with Leolin at her side the girl,
Nursing a child, and turning to the warmth
The tender pink five-beaded baby-soles,
Heard the good mother softly whisper 'Bless,
God bless 'em: marriages are made in Heaven.'

A flash of semi-jealousy clear'd it to her.
My lady's Indian kinsman unannounced
With half a score of swarthy faces came.
His own, tho' keen and bold and soldierly
Sear'd by the close ecliptic, was not fair;
Fairer his talk, a tongue that ruled the hour,
Tho' seeming boastful: so when first he dash'd
Into the chronicle of a deedful day,
Sir Aylmer half forgot his lazy smile
Of patron 'Good! my lady's kinsman! good!'
My lady with her fingers interlock'd,
And rotatory thumbs on silken knees,
Call'd all her vital spirits into each ear
To listen: unawares they flitted off,
Busying themselves about the flowerage
That stood from out a stiff brocade in which,
The meteor of a splendid season, she,
Once with this kinsman, ah so long ago,
Stept thro' the stately minuet of those days:
But Edith's eager fancy hurried with him
Snatch'd thro' the perilous passes of his life:
Till Leolin ever watchful of her eye,
Hated him with a momentary hate.
Wife-hunting, as the rumour ran, was he:
I know not, for he spoke not, only shower'd
His oriental gifts on everyone

And most on Edith: like a storm he came,
And shook the house, and like a storm he went.

Among the gifts he left her (possibly
He flow'd and ebb'd uncertain, to return
When others had been tested) there was one,
A dagger, in rich sheath with jewels on it
Sprinkled about in gold that branch'd itself
Fine as ice-ferns on January panes
Made by a breath. I know not whence at first,
Nor of what race, the work; but as he told
The story, storming a hill-fort of thieves
He got it; for their captain after fight,
His comrades having fought their last below,
Was climbing up the valley; at whom he shot:
Down from the beetling crag to which he clung
Tumbled the tawny rascal at his feet,
This dagger with him, which when now admired
By Edith whom his pleasure was to please,
At once the costly Sahib yielded to her.

And Leolin, coming after he was gone,
Tost over all her presents petulantly:
And when she show'd the wealthy scabbard, saying
'Look what a lovely piece of workmanship!'
Slight was his answer 'Well—I care not for it:'
Then playing with the blade he prick'd his hand,
'A gracious gift to give a lady, this!'
'But would it be more gracious' ask'd the girl
'Were I to give this gift of his to one
That is no lady?' 'Gracious? No' said he.
'Me?—but I cared not for it. O pardon me,

I seem to be ungraciousness itself.'
'Take it' she added sweetly, 'tho' his gift;
For I am more ungracious ev'n than you,
I care not for it either;' and he said
'Why then I love it:' but Sir Aylmer past,
And neither loved nor liked the thing he heard.

The next day came a neighbour. Blues and reds
They talk'd of: blues were sure of it, he thought:
Then of the latest fox—where started—kill'd
In such a bottom: 'Peter had the brush,
My Peter, first:' and did Sir Aylmer know
That great pock-pitten fellow had been caught?
Then made his pleasure echo, hand to hand,
And rolling as it were the substance of it
Between his palms a moment up and down—
'The birds were warm, the birds were warm upon him;
We have him now:' and had Sir Aylmer heard—
Nay, but he must—the land was ringing of it—
This blacksmith border-marriage—one they knew—
Raw from the nursery—who could trust a child?
That cursed France with her egalities!
And did Sir Aylmer (deferentially
With nearing chair and lower'd accent) think—
For people talk'd—that it was wholly wise
To let that handsome fellow Averill walk
So freely with his daughter? people talk'd—
The boy might get a notion into him;
The girl might be entangled ere she knew.
Sir Aylmer Aylmer slowly stiffening spoke:
'The girl and boy, Sir, know their differences!'
'Good,' said his friend, 'but watch!' and he, 'Enough,
More than enough, Sir! I can guard my own.'
They parted, and Sir Aylmer Aylmer watch'd.

Pale, for on her the thunders of the house
Had fallen first, was Edith that same night;
Pale as the Jephtha's daughter, a rough piece
Of early rigid colour, under which
Withdrawing by the counter door to that
Which Leolin open'd, she cast back upon him
A piteous glance, and vanish'd. He, as one
Caught in a burst of unexpected storm,
And pelted with outrageous epithets,
Turning beheld the Powers of the House
On either side the hearth, indignant; her,
Cooling her false cheek with a featherfan,
Him, glaring, by his own stale devil spurr'd,
And, like a beast hard-ridden, breathing hard.
'Ungenerous, dishonourable, base,
Presumptuous! trusted as he was with her,
The sole succeeder to their wealth, their lands,
The last remaining pillar of their house,
The one transmitter of their ancient name,
Their child.' 'Our child!' 'Our heiress!' 'Ours!' for still,
Like echoes from beyond a hollow, came
Her sicklier iteration. Last he said,
'Boy, mark me! for your fortunes are to make.
I swear you shall not make them out of mine.
Now inasmuch as you have practised on her,
Perplext her, made her half forget herself,
Swerve from her duty to herself and us—
Things in an Aylmer deem'd impossible,
Far as we track ourselves—I say that this—
Else I withdraw favour and countenance
From you and yours for ever—shall you do.
Sir, when you see her—but you shall not see her—
No, you shall write, and not to her, but me:
And you shall say that having spoken with me,

And after look'd into yourself, you find
That you meant nothing—as indeed you know
That you meant nothing. Such a match as this!
Impossible, prodigious!' These were words,
As meted by his measure of himself,
Arguing boundless forbearance: after which,
And Leolin's horror-stricken answer, 'I
So foul a traitor to myself and her,
Never oh never,' for about as long
As the wind-hover hangs in balance, paused
Sir Aylmer reddening from the storm within,
Then broke all bonds of courtesy, and crying
'Boy, should I find you by my doors again,
My men shall lash you from them like a dog;
Hence!' with a sudden execration drove
The footstool from before him, and arose;
So, stammering 'scoundrel' out of teeth that ground
As in a dreadful dream, while Leolin still
Retreated half-aghast, the fierce old man
Follow'd, and under his own lintel stood
Storming with lifted hands, a hoary face
Meet for the reverence of the hearth, but now,
Beneath a pale and unimpassion'd moon,
Vext with unworthy madness, and deform'd.

Slowly and conscious of the rageful eye
That watch'd him, till he heard the ponderous door
Close, crashing with long echoes thro' the land,
Went Leolin; then, his passions all in flood
And masters of his motion, furiously
Down thro' the bright lawns to his brother's ran,
And foam'd away his heart at Averill's ear:
Whom Averill solaced as he might, amazed:
The man was his, had been his father's, friend:

He must have seen, himself had seen it long ;
He must have known, himself had known : besides,
He never yet had set his daughter forth
Here in the woman-markets of the west,
Where our Caucasians let themselves be sold.
Some one, he thought, had slander'd Leolin to him.
'Brother, for I have loved you more as son
Than brother, let me tell you : I myself—
What is their pretty saying ? jilted, is it ?
Jilted I was : I say it for your peace.
Pain'd, and, as bearing in myself the shame
The woman should have borne, humiliated,
I lived for years a stunted sunless life ;
Till after our good parents past away
Watching your growth, I seem'd again to grow.
Leolin, I almost sin in envying you :
The very whitest lamb in all my fold
Loves you : I know her : the worst thought she has
Is whiter even than her pretty hand :
She must prove true : for, brother, where two fight
The strongest wins, and truth and love are strength,
And you are happy : let her parents be.'

But Leolin cried out the more upon them—
Insolent, brainless, heartless ! heiress, wealth,
Their wealth, their heiress ! wealth enough was theirs
For twenty matches. Were he lord of this,
Why twenty boys and girls should marry on it,
And forty blest ones bless him, and himself
Be wealthy still, ay wealthier. He believed
This filthy marriage-hindering Mammon made
The harlot of the cities : nature crost
Was mother of the foul adulteries
That saturate soul with body. Name, too ! name,

Their ancient name! they *might* be proud; its worth
Was being Edith's. Ah how pale she had look'd
Darling, to-night! they must have rated her
Beyond all tolerance. These old pheasant-lords,
These partridge-breeders of a thousand years,
Who had mildew'd in their thousands, doing nothing
Since Egbert—why, the greater their disgrace!
Fall back upon a name! rest, rot in that!
Not *keep* it noble, make it nobler? fools,
With such a vantage-ground for nobleness!
He had known a man, a quintessence of man,
The life of all—who madly loved—and he,
Thwarted by one of these old father-fools,
Had rioted his life out, and made an end.
He would not do it! her sweet face and faith
Held him from that: but he had powers, he knew it:
Back would he to his studies, make a name,
Name, fortune too: the world should ring of him
To shame these mouldy Aylmers in their graves:
Chancellor, or what is greatest would he be—
'O brother, I am grieved to learn your grief—
Give me my fling, and let me say my say.'

At which, like one that sees his own excess,
And easily forgives it as his own,
He laugh'd; and then was mute; but presently
Wept like a storm: and honest Averill seeing
How low his brother's mood had fallen, fetch'd
His richest beeswing from a binn reserved
For banquets, praised the waning red, and told
The vintage—when *this* Aylmer came of age—
Then drank and past it; till at length the two,
Tho' Leolin flamed and fell again, agreed
That much allowance must be made for men.

After an angry dream this kindlier glow
Faded with morning, but his purpose held.

Yet once by night again the lovers met,
A perilous meeting under the tall pines
That darken'd all the northward of her Hall.
Him, to her meek and modest bosom prest
In agony, she promised that no force,
Persuasion, no, nor death could alter her:
He, passionately hopefuller, would go,
Labour for his own Edith, and return
In such a sunlight of prosperity
He should not be rejected. 'Write to me!
They loved me, and because I love their child
They hate me: there is war between us, dear,
Which breaks all bonds but ours; we must remain
Sacred to one another.' So they talk'd,
Poor children, for their comfort: the wind blew;
The rain of heaven, and their own bitter tears,
Tears, and the careless rain of heaven, mixt
Upon their faces, as they kiss'd each other
In darkness, and above them roar'd the pine.

So Leolin went; and as we task ourselves
To learn a language known but smatteringly
In phrases here and there at random, toil'd
Mastering the lawless science of our law,
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances,
Thro' which a few, by wit or fortune led,
May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.
The jests, that flash'd about the pleader's room,

Lightning of the hour, the pun, the scurrilous tale,—
Old scandals buried now seven decads deep
In other scandals that have lived and died,
And left the living scandal that shall die—
Were dead to him already; bent as he was
To make disproof of scorn, and strong in hopes,
And prodigal of all brain-labour he,
Charier of sleep, and wine, and exercise,
Except when for a breathing-while at eve,
Some niggard fraction of an hour, he ran
Beside the river-bank: and then indeed
Harder the times were, and the hands of power
Were bloodier, and the according hearts of men
Seem'd harder too; but the soft river-breeze,
Which fann'd the gardens of that rival rose
Yet fragrant in a heart remembering
His former talks with Edith, on him breathed
Far purelier in his rushings to and fro,
After his books, to flush his blood with air,
Then to his books again. My lady's cousin,
Half-sickening of his pension'd afternoon,
Drove in upon the student once or twice,
Ran a Malayan amuck against the times,
Had golden hopes for France and all mankind,
Answer'd all queries touching those at home
With a heaved shoulder and a saucy smile,
And fain had haled him out into the world,
And air'd him there: his nearer friend would say
'Screw not the chord too sharply lest it snap.'
Then left alone he pluck'd her dagger forth
From where his worldless heart had kept it warm,
Kissing his vows upon it like a knight.
And wrinkled benchers often talk'd of him
Approvingly, and prophesied his rise:
For heart, I think, help'd head: her letters too,

Tho' far between, and coming fitfully
Like broken music, written as she found
Or made occasion, being strictly watch'd,
Charm'd him thro' every labyrinth till he saw
An end, a hope, a light breaking upon him.

But they that cast her spirit into flesh,
Her worldly-wise begetters, plagued themselves
To sell her, those good parents, for her good.
Whatever eldest-born of rank or wealth
Might lie within their compass, him they lured
Into their net made pleasant by the baits
Of gold and beauty, wooing him to woo.
So month by month the noise about their doors,
And distant blaze of those dull banquets, made
The nightly wirer of their innocent hare
Falter before he took it. All in vain.
Sullen, defiant, pitying, wroth, return'd
Leolin's rejected rivals from their suit
So often, that the folly taking wings
Slipt o'er those lazy limits down the wind
With rumour, and became in other fields
A mockery to the yeomen over ale,
And laughter to their lords: but those at home,
As hunters round a hunted creature draw
The cordon close and closer toward the death,
Narrow'd her goings out and comings in;
Forbad her first the house of Averill,
Then closed her access to the wealthier farms,
Last from her own home-circle of the poor
They barr'd her: yet she bore it: yet her cheek
Kept colour: wondrous! but, O mystery!
What amulet drew her down to that old oak,
So old, that twenty years before, a part

Falling had let appear the brand of John—
Once grovelike, each huge arm a tree, but now
The broken base of a black tower, a cave
Of touchwood, with a single flourishing spray.
There the manorial lord too curiously
Raking in that millennial touchwood-dust
Found for himself a bitter treasure-trove;
Burst his own wyvern on the seal, and read
Writhing a letter from his child, for which
Came at the moment Leolin's emissary,
A crippled lad, and coming turn'd to fly,
But scared with threats of jail and halter gave
To him that fluster'd his poor parish wits
The letter which he brought, and swore besides
To play their go-between as heretofore
Nor let them know themselves betray'd; and then,
Soul-stricken at their kindness to him, went
Hating his own lean heart and miserable.

Thenceforward oft from out a despot dream
The father panting woke, and oft, as dawn
Aroused the black republic on his elms,
Sweeping the frothfly from the fescue brush'd
Thro' the dim meadow toward his treasure-trove,
Seized it, took home, and to my lady,—who made
A downward crescent of her minion mouth,
Listless in all despondence,—read; and tore,
As if the living passion symbol'd there
Were living nerves to feel the rent; and burnt,
Now chafing at his own great self defied,
Now striking on huge stumbling-blocks of scorn
In babyisms, and dear diminutives
Scatter'd all over the vocabulary

Of such a love as like a chidden child,
After much wailing, hush'd itself at last
Hopeless of answer: then tho' Averill wrote
And bad him with good heart sustain himself—
All would be well—the lover heeded not,
But passionately restless came and went,
And rustling once at night about the place,
There by a keeper shot at, slightly hurt,
Raging return'd: nor was it well for her
Kept to the garden now, and grove of pines,
Watch'd even there; and one was set to watch
The watcher, and Sir Aylmer watch'd them all,
Yet bitterer from his readings: once indeed,
Warm'd with his wines, or taking pride in her,
She look'd so sweet, he kiss'd her tenderly
Not knowing what possess'd him: that one kiss
Was Leolin's one strong rival upon earth;
Seconded, for my lady follow'd suit,
Seem'd hope's returning rose; and then ensued
A Martin's summer of his faded love,
Or ordeal by kindness; after this
He seldom crost his child without a sneer;
The mother flow'd in shallower acrimonies:
Never one kindly smile, one kindly word:
So that the gentle creature shut from all
Her charitable use, and face to face
With twenty months of silence, slowly lost
Nor greatly cared to lose, her hold on life.
Last, some low fever ranging round to spy
The weakness of a people or a house,
Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer, or men,
Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt—
Save Christ as we believe him—found the girl
And flung her down upon a couch of fire,
Where careless of the household faces near,

And crying upon the name of Leolin,
She, and with her the race of Aylmer, past.

Star to star vibrates light: may soul to soul
Strike thro' a finer element of her own?
So,—from afar,—touch as at once? or why
That night, that moment, when she named his name,
Did the keen shriek 'Yes love, yes, Edith, yes,'
Shrill, till the comrade of his chambers woke,
And came upon him half-arisen from sleep,
With a weird bright eye, sweating and trembling,
His hair as it were crackling into flames,
His body half flung forward in pursuit,
And his long arms stretch'd as to grasp a flyer:
Nor knew he wherefore he had made the cry;
And being much befool'd and idioted
By the rough amity of the other, sank
As into sleep again. The second day,
My lady's Indian kinsman rushing in,
A breaker of the bitter news from home,
Found a dead man, a letter edged with death
Beside him, and the dagger which himself
Gave Edith, redden'd with no bandit's blood:
'From Edith' was engraven on the blade.

Then Averill went and gazed upon his death.
And when he came again, his flock believed—
Beholding how the years which are not Time's
Had blasted him—that many thousand days
Were clipt by horror from his term of life.
Yet the sad mother, for the second death
Scarce touch'd her thro' that nearness of the first
And being used to find her pastor texts,

Sent to the harrow'd brother, praying him
To speak before the people of her child,
And fixt the Sabbath. Darkly that day rose:
Autumn's mock sunshine of the faded woods
Was all the life of it; for hard on these,
A breathless burthen of low-folded heavens
Stifled and chill'd at once; but every roof
Sent out a listener: many too had known
Edith among the hamlets round, and since
The parents' harshness and the hapless loves
And double death were widely murmur'd, left
Their own gray tower, or plain-faced tabernacle,
To hear him; all in mourning these, and those
With blots of it about them, ribbon, glove
Or kerchief; while the church,—one night, except
For greenish glimmerings thro' the lancets,—made
Still paler the pale head of him, who tower'd
Above them, with his hopes in either grave.

Long o'er his bent brows linger'd Averill,
His face magnetic to the hand from which
Livid he pluck'd it forth, and labour'd thro'
His brief prayer-prelude, gave the verse 'Behold,
Your house is left unto you desolate!'
But lapsed into so long a pause again
As half amazed half frighted all his flock:
Then from his height and loneliness of grief
Bore down in flood, and dash'd his angry heart
Against the desolations of the world.

Never since our bad earth became one sea,
Which rolling o'er the palaces of the proud,

And all but those who knew the living God—
Eight that were left to make a purer world—
When since had flood, fire, earthquake, thunder, wrought
Such waste and havock as the idolatries,
Which from the low light of mortality
Shot up their shadows to the Heaven of Heavens,
And worshipt their own darkness in the Highest?
Gash thyself, priest, and honour thy brute Baäl,
And to thy worst self sacrifice thyself,
For with thy worst self hast thou clothed thy God
Then came a Lord in no wise like to Baäl.
The babe shall lead the lion. Surely now
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose.
Crown thyself, worm, and worship thine own lusts!—
No coarse and blockish God of acreage
Stands at thy gate for thee to grovel to—
Thy God is far diffused in noble groves
And princely halls, and farms, and flowing lawns,
And heaps of living gold that daily grow,
And title-scrolls and gorgeous heraldries.
In such a shape dost thou behold thy God.
Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for *him;* for thine
Fares richly, in fine linen, not a hair
Ruffled upon the scarfskin, even while
The deathless ruler of thy dying house
Is wounded to the death that cannot die;
And tho' thou numberest with the followers
Of One who cried, "Leave all and follow me."
Thee therefore with His light about thy feet,
Thee with His message ringing in thine ears,
Thee shall thy brother man, the Lord from Heaven,
Born of a village girl, carpenter's son,
Wonderful, Prince of peace, the Mighty God,
Count the more base idolater of the two;
Crueller: as not passing thro' the fire

Bodies, but souls—thy children's—thro' the smoke,
The blight of low desires—darkening thine own
To thine own likeness; or if one of these,
Thy better born unhappily from thee,
Should, as by miracle, grow straight and fair—
Friends, I was bid to speak of such a one
By those who most have cause to sorrow for her—
Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn,
Fair as the Angel that said "Hail!" she seem'd,
Who entering fill'd the house with sudden light.
For so mine own was brighten'd: where indeed
The roof so lowly but that beam of Heaven
Dawn'd sometime thro' the doorway? whose the babe
Too ragged to be fondled on her lap,
Warm'd at her bosom? The poor child of shame
The common care whom no one cared for, leapt
To greet her, wasting his forgotten heart,
As with the mother he had never known,
In gambols; for her fresh and innocent eyes
Had such a star of morning in their blue,
That all neglected places of the field
Broke into nature's music when they saw her.
Low was her voice, but won mysterious way
Thro' the seal'd ear to which a louder one
Was all but silence—free of alms her hand—
The hand that robed your cottage-walls with flowers
Has often toil'd to clothe your little ones;
How often placed upon the sick man's brow
Cool'd it, or laid his feverous pillow smooth!
Had you one sorrow and she shared it not?
One burthen and she would not lighten it?
One spiritual doubt she did not soothe?
Or when some heat of difference sparkled out,
How sweetly would she glide between your wraths,

And steal you from each other! for she walk'd
Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love,
Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee!
And one—of him I was not bid to speak—
Was always with her, whom you also knew.
Him too you loved, for he was worthy love.
And these had been together from the first;
They might have been together till the last.
Friends, this frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,
May wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,
Without the captain's knowledge: hope with me.
Whose shame is that, if he went hence with shame?
Nor mine the fault, if losing both of these
I cry to vacant chairs and widow'd walls,
"My house is left unto me desolate."'

While thus he spoke, his hearers wept; but some,
Sons of the glebe, with other frowns than those
That knit themselves for summer shadow, scowl'd
At their great lord. He, when it seem'd he saw
No pale sheet-lightnings from afar, but fork'd
Of the near storm, and aiming at his head,
Sat anger-charm'd from sorrow, soldier-like,
Erect: but when the preacher's cadence flow'd
Softening thro' all the gentle attributes
Of his lost child, the wife, who watch'd his face,
Paled at a sudden twitch of his iron mouth;
And 'O pray God that he hold up' she thought
'Or surely I shall shame myself and him.'

'Nor yours the blame—for who beside your hearths
Can take her place—if echoing me you cry.

"Our house is left unto us desolate"?
But thou, O thou that killest, hadst thou known,
O thou that stonest, hadst thou understood
The things belonging to thy peace and ours!
Is there no prophet but the voice that calls
Doom upon kings, or in the waste "Repent"?
Is not our own child on the narrow way,
Who down to those that saunter in the broad
Cries "Come up hither," as a prophet to us?
Is there no stoning save with flint and rock?
Yes, as the dead we weep for testify—
No desolation but by sword and fire?
Yes, as your moanings witness, and myself
Am lonelier, darker, earthlier for my loss.
Give me your prayers, for he is past your prayers,
Not past the living fount of pity in Heaven.
But I that thought myself long-suffering, meek,
Exceeding "poor in spirit"—how the words
Have twisted back upon themselves, and mean
Vileness, we are grown so proud—I wish'd my voice
A rushing tempest of the wrath of God
To blow these sacrifices thro' the world—
Sent like the twelve-divided concubine
To inflame the tribes: but there—out yonder—earth
Lightens from her own central Hell—O there
The red fruit of an old idolatry—
The heads of chiefs and princes fall so fast,
They cling together in the ghastly sack—
The land all shambles—naked marriages
Flash from the bridge, and ever-murder'd France,
By shores that darken with the gathering wolf,
Runs in a river of blood to the sick sea.
Is this a time to madden madness then?
Was this a time for these to flaunt their pride?
May Pharaoh's darkness, folds as dense as those

Which hid the Holiest from the people's eyes
Ere the great death, shroud this great sin from all!
Doubtless our narrow world must canvass it:
O rather pray for those and pity them,
Who, thro' their own desire accomplish'd, bring
Their own gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—
Who broke the bond which they desired to break,
Which else had link'd their race with times to come—
Who wove coarse webs to snare her purity,
Grossly contriving their dear daughter's good—
Poor souls, and knew not what they did, but sat
Ignorant, devising their own daughter's death!
May not that earthly chastisement suffice?
Have not our love and reverence left them bare?
Will not another take their heritage?
Will there be children's laughter in their hall
For ever and for ever, or one stone
Left on another, or is it a light thing
That I, their guest, their host, their ancient friend,
I made by these the last of all my race,
Must cry to these the last of theirs, as cried
Christ ere His agony to those that swore
Not by the temple but the gold, and made
Their own traditions God, and slew the Lord,
And left their memories a world's curse—"Behold,
Your house is left unto you desolate"?'

Ended he had not, but she brook'd no more:
Long since her heart had beat remorselessly,
Her crampt-up sorrow pain'd her, and a sense
Of meanness in her unresisting life.
Then their eyes vext her; for on entering
He had cast the curtains of their seat aside—
Black velvet of the costliest—she herself

Had seen to that: fain had she closed them now,
Yet dared not stir to do it, only near'd
Her husband inch by inch, but when she laid,
Wifelike, her hand in one of his, he veil'd
His face with the other, and at once, as falls
A creeper when the prop is broken, fell
The woman shrieking at his feet, and swoon'd.
Then her own people bore along the nave
Her pendent hands, and narrow meagre face
Seam'd with the shallow cares of fifty years:
And her the Lord of all the landscape round
Ev'n to its last horizon, and of all
Who peer'd at him so keenly, follow'd out
Tall and erect, but in the middle aisle
Reel'd, as a footsore ox in crowded ways
Stumbling across the market to his death,
Unpitied; for he groped as blind, and seem'd
Always about to fall, grasping the pews
And oaken finials till he touch'd the door;
Yet to the lychgate, where his chariot stood,
Strode from the porch, tall and erect again.

But nevermore did either pass the gate
Save under pall with bearers. In one month,
Thro' weary and yet ever wearier hours,
The childless mother went to seek her child;
And when he felt the silence of his house
About him, and the change and not the change,
And those fixt eyes of painted ancestors
Staring for ever from their gilded walls
On him their last descendant, his own head
Began to droop, to fall; the man became
Imbecile; his one word was 'desolate;'
Dead for two years before his death was he;

But when the second Christmas came, escaped
His keepers, and the silence which he felt,
To find a deeper in the narrow gloom
By wife and child ; nor wanted at his end
The dark retinue reverencing death
At golden thresholds ; nor from tender hearts,
And those who sorrow'd o'er a vanish'd race,
Pity, the violet on the tyrant's grave.
Then the great Hall was wholly broken down,
And the broad woodland parcell'd into farms ;
And where the two contrived their daughter's good,
Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,
The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores,
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there
Follows the mouse, and all is open field.

NOTES.

1. **Dust are our frames** etc. The moral of the poem is given in the opening lines: Man is but a creature of the dust; his pride of wealth or ancestry is miserably vain and transient,—a fair outside, which shrinks into nothingness when brought into contact with the stern realities and mighty events of human life. Cf. Bible, *Genesis*, ii. 7: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground"; and *ib.* iii. 19: "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Note that "gilded dust" and "pride" are in apposition to each other.

3. **Like that long-buried body** etc. An experience of this kind followed the opening of an Etruscan tomb at the ancient city of Tarquinii, near Corneto, in Italy. The discovery was made by Carlo Avvolta, a native of Corneto. While digging into a burial-mound for stones to mend a road, Signor Avvolta broke into the tomb of an Etruscan Lucumo or prince. "I beheld," he says, "a warrior stretched on a couch of rock, and in a few minutes I saw him vanish, as it were, under my eyes, for as the atmosphere entered the sepulchre, the armour, thoroughly oxidised, crumbled away into most minute particles; so that in a short time scarcely a vestige of what I had seen was left on the couch." The golden crown worn by the dead prince was so fragile that all but a small portion of it crumbled into dust on its way to Rome.

6. **Slipt**, glided, crumbled unawares. The word well expresses the suddenness and unexpectedness of the phenomenon.

8. **grizzled**, gray-haired. From French *gris*, gray.

10. **a mine of memories**, full of information about old events. *Memories* = things remembered.

12. **And been himself** etc. The old man had himself been present at the events he relates. Cf. Vergil, *Æneid*, II. 6: *Quorum pars magna fui*, of which I (Æneas) was a great part; and

Ulysses, 18: "I am a part of all that I have met." Similarly Byron (*Childe Harold*, III. 72) writes:

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me."

13. **Sir Aylmer Aylmer.** Notice the reduplicated Norman name, the Christian or personal name being the same as the family name. **almighty**, an epithet ordinarily confined to the Deity. It leads up to the appellation ("God") in the next line.

14. **The county God**, looked up to and almost worshipped by everyone in the county as the supreme authority.

15. **shields**, on which were blazoned the arms of his ancestors. These shields were hung, in the picture, from the branches of the tree. **the family tree** etc. The genealogical tree of his family was depicted as growing out of the chest of its royal founder, represented as lying on his back. The **midriff** or diaphragm is the muscle that separates the chest from the abdomen.

17. **wyvern**, a kind of two-legged dragon common in heraldry. The word is a doublet of *viper*. **blazing**, because it was gilded, and flashed in the sunlight. **weathercock'd the spire.** The figure of a wyvern formed the vane or weathercock on the spire of the castle tower. *Weathercock* (*i.e.* wind-cock) has come to be synonymous with vane, because the vane was often in the form of a cock.

18. **Stood from**, was depicted in relief upon. **wing'd**, surmounted with its winged form.

19. **swang**, archaic for *swung*. The wyvern, as a prominent part of the Aylmer arms, was frequently used as a sign by the inns in the county. **windy**, because inn signs are often suspended by iron hooks from horizontal bars affixed to lofty posts in the open road in front of the inns, and so are exposed to the wind. Cf. *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, 247:

"There is one old Hostel left us where they swing the
Locksley shield."

20. **Whose**, *i.e.* Sir Aylmer's. **pyramidal**, rising to a point, like a pyramid. The long, narrow head points to the intellectual narrowness of the man.

21. **Saw from** etc., *i.e.* all the land within sight round his hall was his own property.

22. The subject of the sentence, "Sir Aylmer Aylmer," is repeated in the "he" of this line.

24. **regretfully.** His love for her was mingled with regret that she had not been a boy instead of a girl.

25. **he that marries** etc., the man that marries Edith shall take the name of Aylmer, so that the Aylmer name may not become extinct.

26. **fiat**, decree. Lat. *fiat*, 'let it be done,' 3rd person singular, present subjunctive, of *fio*. Similarly formed substantives are *exit* ('he goes out'), *deficit* ('it is wanting'), *interest* ('it is profitable').

27. **a faded beauty of the Baths.** She had formerly been a belle at the fashionable watering-places, such as Cheltenham or Tunbridge Wells, but had now lost her good looks.

28. **Insipid** etc., as shallow and characterless as the figure of the queen on a playing-card.

29, 30. **Her all ... sun**, the sum total of her intelligence and behaviour being little better than a feeble reflection of her husband. **sickly**, faint, shining through a veil of mist or cloud. Cf. Campbell, *The Last Man*, 11: "The Sun's eye had a sickly glare."

31. **A land of hops.** Hops are grown in the south of England, especially in Kent and Sussex. **poppy-mingled.** The poppy, a weed with a bright red flower, often grows wild in English wheat-fields. The scene of the story is placed in southern rural England, the dullest and quietest part of the country.

33. **sleepy**, sluggish, stationary, behind the times. See l. 45.

35. **Where almost** etc. The villagers had so little intercourse with the outside world that they mostly intermarried with one another, and so they nearly all had the same name.

36-38. **Where Aylmer ... Thrice over.** Three generations of contemporary Aylmers and Averills had followed one another at the Hall and the Rectory respectively.

39. **Bound in** etc., united together by a friendship of very long standing. See l. 136.

40. **open to each other.** The inmates of Rectory and Hall interchanged visits freely.

41. **That Love ... closer**, that there could be any intermarriage between the two families. **well had made**, would certainly have made.

42. **bristle up**, an effect commonly attributed to fear or horror. Cf. Shaks. *Hamlet*, I. v. 18-20, where the Ghost says he could unfold a tale which would make

> "Thy knotted and combined locks to part
> And each particular hair to stand an end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porpentine."

And Bible, *Job* iv. 15: "Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up."

44, 45. **sons of men Daughters of God.** Cf. Bible, *Genesis*, vi. 2: "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair: and they took them wives of all which they chose." In the "inverted scripture," the term "sons of men" (instead

of "sons of God") points to the males of the Averill family; while in "daughters of God" (instead of "daughters of men") the females of the Aylmer house are alluded to.

46-48. Probably Averill, if he had wished, might, like Sir Aylmer, have placed on the walls of his humbler abode his genealogical tree with numerous coats of arms suspended from it. See l. 15.

47. **range of roofs.** In allusion to the rambling and irregularly built rectories of former days, with gables of various heights.

50-52. **When the red ... to death,** *i.e.* in the times of the Wars of the Roses between the houses of York and Lancaster. **redder than itself,** redder (with blood) than it was by nature. Cf. l. 455: "that rival rose." **With wounded peace** etc., with the civil discord and bloody warfare of which each had been the cause. Cf. Shaks. *Henry V.* v. ii. 34: "Naked, poor, and mangled peace."

53. **'Not proven,'** *i.e.* Averill's verdict on the question of whether there had been a marriage between the two families, was that the case was *not proved.* Scotch law allows the verdict 'Not proven,' when the *legal* (as opposed to the *moral*) evidence is not sufficient for a conviction, in addition to the 'Guilty' and 'Not guilty' of English law. The past participial form *proven* illustrates the tendency of Northern Britain to turn weak verbs into strong ones; cf. Scotch *putten* (for *put*), *liften* (for *lifted*), *sweaten* (for *sweated*).

56. **He lean'd** etc., he desired to be esteemed for his own merits and not for his lineage.

59. **Call'd to the bar.** To qualify for a call to the bar (*i.e.* for becoming a barrister), a law-student has to keep 12 terms at one of the Inns of Court. See l. 105 and note. For the repetition of **call'd** in this line, see note to l. 487.

60. **one low voice,** *i.e.* the soft voice of Edith. Cf. *Maud,* Part II. iv. 5: "The delight of low replies" (said of lovers' talk).

62. **A distant kinship** etc. Leolin, unlike Averill, would often claim a distant blood-relationship with Edith, whose gentle heart beat faster with loving emotion as she listened to what he said.

64. **Sanguine,** of a ruddy complexion, fresh-coloured. Shakspere (1 *Henry VI.* iv. i. 92) applies the epithet to the leaves of a rose. **but,** only, just.

65. **islet,** the bright-red centre of the blossom of the chestnut tree. **Chestnut** is short for *chester-nut, chesten* representing the Lat. *Castanea,* from Castana, a city in Pontus where chestnut trees abounded. *Damson* (Damascus) and *peach* (Persicus) have a similar derivation.

66. **still**, ever, continually.

67. **joyful ... joyful.** See note to l. 487.

68. **Beneath** etc., from underneath a flowing mass of golden hair as thick as a lion's mane. Cf. *The Princess*, VI. 148:

"Lioness,
That with your long locks play the Lion's mane!"

69. **Their best and brightest**, *i.e.* his eyes sparkled most tenderly and brightly of all when they looked into her eyes. In 'beam'd their best (beaming)' there is an ellipse of the cognate object, as in 'he tried his hardest (trying),' 'he breathed his last (breath).' Cf. l. 227.

70. **Edith**, in apposition with *her* in *hers* (= 'the eyes of her'). **pensive beauty** etc. Her face would have been perfectly beautiful but for its somewhat sad expression.

71. **subject to** etc., readily influenced by circumstances or feelings; cf. ll. 75-77.

72. **Shone like a mystic star** etc. Her beauty was more striking at one time than at another, [like the variable star of Astronomy with its maxima and minima of brightness. H. T.] The term 'glory,' for brightness, is adopted from Bible, 1 *Cor.* xv. 41: "One star differeth from another star in glory."

74. **bounteously made**, [healthfully and beautifully made. H. T.] Cf. l. 107.

75. **so finely.** Her frame or constitution was so delicate and sensitive.

77. **A joyous** etc., a joyful influence seemed to make her form expand, as a flower opens when turned to the sunlight. So, under the influence of love and faith, Laodamia's "bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows" (Wordsworth, *Laodamia*, 11).

80. **So much the boy foreran**, Leolin was so much (viz. five years) older than Edith. **date**, age.

82. **decad**, an aggregate consisting of ten; here, ten years. It is usually spelt *decade;* but Tennyson prefers the spelling *decad*, as placing the accent on the first syllable; cf. Milton's *brigad* for the modern *brigade* (*Par. Lost*, II. 532). *Decad* and *half* are to be parsed as adverbial objectives of Amount or Degree.

85, 86. **with her dipt ... prone swing**, the swift downward ("prone") motion of the swing made the air rush against their faces. Note the rhythm of l. 86, with its unusual number of unaccented syllables expressing rapid motion; see General Introduction, p. xix, (β). Scan:

"Against | the rúsh | of the aír | in the | próne swing."

87. **blossom-ball**, flowers with their interlaced stalks, all gathered to the centre and the blossoms outside, so as to form a

ball of blossom. **daisy-chain**, daisies with their stalks fastened together by being inserted into one another through holes made in each stalk, so as to make a chain or festoon.

88. **sow'd her name** etc. He planted seeds (of cress, etc.) in lines and circles representing the letters of her name, so that, when they grew up, the word *Edith* appeared in green characters.

90. **fairy footings**, circles of rank grass, once supposed to be produced by the dancing of fairies on the spot, but now known to be the result of the circular propagation of a fungus below the surface, the decay of which manures the soil and so makes the grass grow thicker. Cf. Shaks. *Tempest*, v. i. 36-38:—

> "You demi-puppets that
> By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
> Whereof the ewe not bites."

Merry Wives of Windsor, v. v. 69, 70:

> "And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
> Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring."

And *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. i. 86:

> "To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind."

Also Drayton's *Nymphidia*, 69-72:

> "And in their courses make that Round,
> In Meadowes and in Marshes found,
> Of them so call'd the Fayrie ground."

91, 92. **fairy palms ... fairy pines.** The cowslip, with its bare, straight stalk and cluster of drooping flowers at the top, looks, in the children's fancy, like a miniature palm-tree; the mare's-tail, with its erect stem and whorls or horizontal outgrowth of leaves at short intervals, looks like a miniature pine-tree. The common Mare's-tail (*Hippuris Vulgaris*) is plentiful not only in Great Britain but throughout Europe and North America. For *fairy*, cf. *The Brook*, 45: "Many a fairy foreland."

93. **the tiny pitted target** etc. Some flowers, like the dandelion, when run to seed, bear a fanciful resemblance to little targets stuck full of minute, feathered arrows. Cf. *The Poet*, 19: "The arrow-seeds of the field flower." English children are fond of blowing off these feathery seeds, the number of whiffs that it takes to disengage them all being supposed to represent what o'clock it is at the time. *Pitted*, full of little hollows (where the seeds are inserted).

95. **make-believes.** The children "pretended," in their play, that the cowslips were fairy palms, etc.

96. **forged**, made up, invented; used in a good sense here.

97. **But that was later,** *i.e.* he made up and told her these tales when he had grown somewhat older.

100. **Crown'd,** rewarded with success. **sketches,** descriptions.

101. **a passion yet unborn,** a feeling of love as yet undeveloped.

102. **the music of the moon,** the song which the nightingale sings to the moon or by moon-light. Cf. Southey, *Roderick,* XXI.:

> "And now the nightingale ... poured
> To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain
> Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
> The new-born day."

This song is represented as dormant in the egg till the young bird is hatched, and becomes able to sing it. **plain.** The greenish-brown eggs of the nightingale give no outward sign of the harmony that lurks within them; and similarly Leolin's "rude sketches" gave no hint of their hidden passion.

105. **Temple-eaten terms,** terms spent in studying law at the Temple. Three dinners at least have or had to be eaten in Hall each term by the Temple law-students. Hence the phrase 'to eat one's terms,' *i.e.* to be a law-student. The Inner and the Middle Temple are two of the four Inns of Court in London conferring the degree of Barrister-at-law.

107. **in lavish bounty moulded,** liberally endowed with beauty of form. Cf. "bounteously made," l. 74.

108. **the maiden woman-grown,** when the maiden had grown into a woman;—an absolute clause.

109. **wasted,** spent freely; cf. l. 689. *Waste* has little or no reproachful meaning here; cf. Milton, *Sonnet,* XX. 4:

> "When shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
> Help waste a sullen day?"

And *Par. Lost.* II. 694-5:

> "Here condemned
> To waste eternal days in woe and pain."

And *Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere,* l. 44:

> "To waste his whole heart in one kiss
> Upon her perfect lips."

Leolin used frequently to come and stay with his brother. First, he spent the Easter vacation with him; next he came for the Midsummer, and finally for the Christmas vacation.

110. **The tented winter-field** etc. A hop-garden in winter time, with the hop-poles stacked leaning against one another in separate, tent-shaped groups all over the ground, is compared to a field covered with the tents of an encamp-

ing army; the same garden in spring, with the hop-poles set up to support the stems, is compared to an army in battle array with spears erect.

112. **That soon should wear the garland,** that were soon, in autumn, to be wreathed with clusters of hop-flowers.

113. **When burr and bine** etc., when the hop-cones were gathered, and the stems removed from the poles. *Burr* is used here for the rough, scaly cone produced by the hop plant; *bine* for the long twining stem, much like that of the vine. Cf. *woodbine.*

116. **phosphorescence,** luminosity as seen in sea water, and caused by the presence of vast numbers of light-giving animalcules. The dull monotony (like stagnant water) of life at the Hall was broken in upon by the youthful spirits (like a rushing tide) of Leolin, with a sparkling gaiety (like phosphorescence on the sea when its surface is broken by waves) which was delightful even to the "insipid" Lady Aylmer. For a similar metaphor, cf. l. 633.

117, 118. **yet,** as yet, up till now. **laid No bar between them,** placed no prohibition upon their intercourse.

119, 120. **bending ... world,** relaxing his dignified attitude so far as to treat mankind at large with a moderate amount of complaisance and approval. **half-allowing,** half-approving. This *allow* is from Lat. *allaudare,* 'to applaud,' and differs from *allow,* 'to permit,' from Lat. *allocare,* 'to assign.' Cf. Shaks. *Troilus and Cressida,* III. ii. 97: "Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove."

121. **mighty,** mightily, very; said with some irony and perhaps with a play upon the other sense of the word.

121. **his pride** etc., his pride was too deeply rooted in his character for him to make a display of it outwardly in his demeanour.

123. **like an Aylmer in his Aylmerism,** showing all the supercilious *nonchalance* or indifference that characterised the Aylmer race. For the word *Aylmerism,* cf. Robert Browning's (*The Ring and the Book,* v. 437) similar coinage "Franceschinihood," the dignity of the Franceschini family; and Cicero's (*Fam.* III. vii. 5) jocose formations, *Appietas aut Lentulitas,* the nobility or grandeur of Appius or Lentulus.

125. **Newfoundland's,** Newfoundland dog's (walking with her).

126. **for he rose** etc. The dog rose on his hind legs at the end of his chain, barking in his eagerness to accompany them in their walk.

128-132. **how should Love ... Master of all.** People often fall in love with each other at their first casual meeting, when their

mutual glances suddenly kindle the flame of love; but it is seldom that those who have been on familiar terms with each other from early youth ("dawn") become lovers. When, however, that happens, their love gains a complete mastery over them. **the cross-lightnings** etc. Cf. Shaks. *Merchant of Venice*, III. ii. 67, 68:

> "It (Love) is engendered in the eyes,
> With gazing fed."

And *Cymbeline*, v. v. 394-5: "She, like harmless lightning, throws her eye on him." H. Coleridge also sings of "the love-light in her (his mistress's) eye." For *master of all*, cf. the refrain of Albert Græme's song in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*: "Love shall still be lord of all."

134-135. **a bar Between them,** unconscious of any obstacle to their union; not "knowing their differences" (l. 274).

135. **plight or broken ring.** They had not plighted their troth to each other (*i.e.* they were not engaged to be married), nor had they each taken half of a broken ring, as lovers sometimes do in token of their betrothal.

136. **an immemorial intimacy,** see l. 39 and note.

138. **that hung** etc., that kept watch over her peace and comfort, as a mother bird broods over her young ones. Cf. Christ's words of yearning over Jerusalem: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!" (Bible, *Matthew*, xxiii. 37)

140. **other,** *i.e.* other than a brother's love, viz. that of a lover.

142. **Gather'd the blossom** etc., indulged their love for each other, of which the supply was inexhaustible. For the metaphorical *blossom*, cf. *The Princess*, *Prologue*, 163 (of College undergraduates):

> "(They) caught the blossom of the flying terms."

For **The magic cup,** cf. Byron, *Childe Harold*, III. 8: "Life's enchanted cup" (*i.e.* the pleasures of life).

144. **half reveal'd her to herself,** gave her a hint of what her real feelings were towards Leolin. For the "whisper," see ll. 187, 188.

145. **her lodges,** the lodges or gate-keepers' houses at the different gates of her father's grounds.

146. **a silence.** The brook ran smoothly in places, and so made no sound.

147. **sallowy,** with sallows or willows on its banks. *Sallow* is from the root *sar*, to flow, because it grows near water. See note to l. 539. Willows are called "sallies" in Herefordshire.

149. **dimpling died into each other.** The knolls were full of sloping hollows, where they met and were lost in one another.

150. **a nest in bloom,** embosomed in flowers, as a nest is in foliage. Cf. Cowper, *Task*, I. 225-7:

> "So thick beset
> With foliage of such dark redundant growth,
> I call'd the low-roof'd lodge the *peasant's nest.*"

And *Enoch Arden*, l. 59, who

> "made a home
> For Annie, neat and nest-like."

152. **summer-blanch'd** etc. The walls of the cottage were covered in summer with the white blossoms of the traveller's-joy (*Clematis Vitalba*), and in autumn covered partly with its feathery seed-vessels and partly with ivy. These feathery seed-vessels have a resemblance to grey hair, hence the plant is sometimes called Old Man's Beard ("parcel-bearded"). It is called Traveller's-Joy because in winter it is one of the most conspicuous and ornamental of wayside plants. Cf. *The Golden Year*, l. 63:

> "Like an oaken stock in winter woods
> O'er flourished with the hoary clematis."

For **parcel** in composition, compare Shakspere, 2 *Henry IV.* II. i. 94, "a parcel-gilt goblet."

155. **The warm-blue breathings** etc., the blue smoke of a fire-place inside the cottage came out of a chimney that was covered with vine and honeysuckle. Cf. *Princess*, VII. 201:

> "Azure pillars of the hearth
> Arise to thee."

157. **another wore** etc., another was covered with the clinging jasmine climber (*Jasminum Officinale*) thick-set with its white, star-shaped blossoms. Cf. Cowper, *Task*, VI. 176 (of the jasmine): "The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars."

159. **gillyflowers,** the Clove Gillyflower, *Dianthus Caryophyllus*, a brilliant pink flower. It is a corruption of the Old French *giroflée*, the Low Lat. *caryophyllum*, meaning 'nut-leaf' or nut-leaved clove.

160. **a milky-way on earth,** *i.e.* the garden path of the cottage was so thickly planted with lilies on either side, that it looked like an earthly *milky-way*—a broad white zone in the sky consisting of innumerable fixed stars. Cf. Wordsworth, *The Daffodils:*

> "Continuous as the stars that shine
> And twinkle on the milky way,
> They stretched in never-ending line."

161. **Like visions** etc. The "Northern dreamer" is Swedenborg, who was born at Stockholm in 1688. He claimed to have

visions and revelations of the spiritual world, where, he declared, there are cities, books, merchandise, natural objects, etc., as on earth, but in an infinitely more perfect state than they are in this world.

163. **to the martin-haunted eaves.** The hollyhocks grew so tall and thick that they reached almost up to the eaves of the cottage roof, where the martins (a kind of swallow) had built their nests. Cf. Shaks. *Macbeth*, I. vi. 5-7 :

> " The temple-haunting martlet does approve,
> By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here."

Eaves (Old Eng. *efese*) is a true singular.

164. **A summer burial** etc., was in summer time deeply buried in hollyhocks. The hollyhock (*Althæa rosea*) is a showy, pink, or white, flower.

165. **Each, its own charm.** *Had* is, of course, to be repeated after *each* ; as also after *this* and *one* above, ll. 160, 163.

167. **of her poor,** by the poor people that she visited. For this old use of *of*, cf. Abbott's *Shakes. Grammar*, § 170, and Bible, 1 *Chronicles*, x. 3 : " He (Saul) was wounded of the archers."

168. **For she.** The subject *she* is separated from its verb *was adored* by a parenthesis of eleven lines. Such a sentence would be intolerable in ordinary prose ; here it is borne along by the sustaining power of Rhythm (see Earle's *Philology*, § 657). **lowly-lovely,** ' meekly beautiful ' ; a good example of Tennyson's fondness for alliterative compounds ; cf. his *gloomy-gladed, million-myrtled, tiny-trumpeting*, and see General Introduction, p. xx.

169. **Queenly responsive** etc., courteously acknowledging the salutes of the farm labourers when they lifted themselves from their work and touched their caps to her.

171. **sowing hedgerow texts,** distributing texts or verses of Scripture to the villagers either in the form of religious tracts or by way of exhortation.

172. **from a height,** with an air of superiority ; in a patronising fashion.

175. **flattering,** glorifying, shedding a lustre upon. Cf. *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, l. 76 :

> " Flattering the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Alraschid."

And Shaks. *Sonnets*, XXXIII. :

> " Full many a glorious morning have I seen
> Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye."

roofs, cottages.

176. **Revered as theirs,** treated by her with respect as being their own.

177. **infancy,** for *infant,* as, in the next line, **palsy** is for *palsied* (or paralysed) *person;* abstract for concrete. Cf. *Demeter and Persephone,* 89: "a far-off friendship" (for *friend*).

178. **bedridden,** confined to his bed; O. E. *bedrida,* a bed-rider, a sarcastic term for a disabled man (Skeat).

180. **Having the warmth** etc., his hand-shake was marked by a cordiality and vigour that showed its sincerity.

181. **A childly way,** a kind and sympathetic way of behaving towards children.

182. **proven,** tested, genuine. See note to l. 53 above. **true** is an adverb modifying *ringing.*

183. **Were no false passport** etc., were valid means of winning the ready loyalty of the cottagers, among whom once etc.

185. **the warmth,** *i.e.* of the fire on the hearth.

186. **five-beaded,** with their five toes, which, when seen from underneath, look like a row of beads.

188. **'em,** a provincialism, is an elided form not of *them,* but of the old *hem,* accusative plural of *he.* **marriages are made in heaven,** marriages are arranged and ordered by God—implying that Leolin and Edith were meant by Divine Providence to marry each other. The phrase is a common proverb.

189. **A flash** etc., a slight outburst of jealousy on Leolin's part made it clear to her that she loved him.

191. **swarthy faces,** his Indian servants.

193. **Sear'd by the close ecliptic,** tanned by the tropical sun. The *ecliptic* is the apparent path of the sun round the earth. For **fair** followed by **Fairer,** see note to l. 487.

194. **ruled the hour,** took the lead in conversation.

196. **a deedful day,** a day of great events or exploits in his military career.

197. **Sir Aylmer** etc., Sir Aylmer became so interested that he sometimes left off his usual habit of smiling patronisingly and saying 'Good! etc.'

199. **with her fingers** etc. She sat with her hands clasped over her knees (covered with her silk dress) and twirled her thumbs—an attitude and gesture indicative of listless indolence. Cf. Cowper, *Conversation,* 115 (of the victim of the "noisy man"): "I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair."

201. **all her vital spirits,** the whole of the little animation that she possessed; all her scanty powers of attention. In the use of the expression "vital spirits" there seems to be an allusion to

the old notion of the existence in all living beings of *spiritus vitales*, vital spirits, in regard to which Bacon says that "the affections (no doubt) do make the spirits more powerful and active: and especially those affections which draw the spirits into the eyes: which are two: love and envy" (Works, II. 653).

203. **flowerage**, flower-patterns. Cf. a similar abstract formation, *acreage*, l. 651.

204. **in which**, *i.e.* drest in which.

205. **The meteor of a splendid season**, for a brief period the belle of a grand season (*i.e.* those months of the year when Society meets) in London or at the Baths (see l. 27).

206. **ah so long ago.** The *ah* represents the sigh that accompanies the lady's reminiscence of her long-past triumphs.

207. **minuet**, a slow, graceful dance, so called from the *pas menus* or 'short steps' in it. Fr. *menuet*, dim. of *menu*, small, Lat. *minutus*.

208. **But Edith's** etc. Edith was full of interest in his stories and eagerly followed him, in her imagination, through his dangerous adventures.

209. **passes**, conjunctures, crises. Note the quick movement of the rhythm, appropriate to the sense of the line:

snátch'd thro' | the péri|lous páss|es of | his life.

212. **Wife-hunting**, he was looking out for a wife. Cf. *fortune-hunter*, one who is in search of a rich wife.

216. **shook the house**, caused much excitement in the household.

218, 219. **He flow'd ... tested**, his wish to marry her was at one time strong, at another time weak, and so he left her intending to return after he had made trial of other ladies. These lines suggest an explanation of his departure after having made Edith so many presents. For *flow'd* and *ebb'd*, cf. Shaks. *Troilus and Cressida*, II. iii. 139, where Agamemnon speaks of Achilles's changeable fits as "his ebbs, his flows."

222. **Fine as ice-ferns** etc. The delicate gold inlay of the sheath (seen in the well-known Guzerati work) resembled the fern-like configuration on window-panes in winter, which is caused by the atmosphere of the room becoming frozen on the glass. Cf. *The May Queen*, II. 13: "The frost is on the pane."

223. **I know not** etc., I do not know where the work came from originally, nor to what nationality its artificers belonged.

227. **having fought their last**, an instance of the ellipse of the

cognate object (*fight*). See note to l. 69, and cf. Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village*, 366 :

" When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last."

Comrades is in the absolute case.

229. **beetling**, overhanging. Cf. Shaks. *Hamlet*, I. iv. 71 :

" The dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea."

Skeat says the word is apparently coined by Shakspere, the idea being adopted from the M. E. *bitelbrowed*, beetle-browed, having projecting brows. The word, however, is perhaps derived, not from *beetle*, the insect, but from *beetle*, a mallet, in allusion to its projecting head.

232. For **pleasure** followed by **please**, see note to l. 487.

233. **costly**, wealthy, munificent. Similarly Shakspere (*Merchant of Venice*, II. ix. 94) has " costly summer."

236. **wealthy**, richly wrought, splendid.

238. **Slight**, careless, offhand.

240. '**A gracious gift** etc.', said ironically :—'This sharp weapon is a pleasing and appropriate gift for a lady !'

244. '**Me ?**, 'Do you give it me ?', said by Leolin as she offers him the dagger.

245. **ungraciousness itself**, entirely made up of discourtesy.

249. '**Why then I love it**'. Edith's not caring for the dagger shows that she does not care for the donor, the Indian kinsman. Leolin is so relieved in his mind at this, that his dislike of the dagger is changed into love for it.

250. **neither loved nor liked.** The double expression is emphatic : 'he did not like it at all'. *Loved* re-echoes the *love* of the preceding line ; see note to l. 487.

251. **Blues and reds**, the colours of the rival political parties, Whigs and Tories, in the borough or county. The neighbour says that he thinks the " blues " (probably the Tory party) were sure to win the election of their candidate for Parliament.

254. **a bottom**, a dale or hollow ; cp. Shaks. *As You Like it*, IV. iii. 79 : "Down in the neighbour bottom." **the brush**, the fox's tail, the prize of the fox-hunter who is first " in at the death," *i.e.* who first reaches the place where the fox is caught by the hounds.

255. **My Peter**, my son Peter.

256. **pock-pitten fellow**, some poacher, whose face was scarred by the pits or little hollows left by small-pox. For the alliterative compound, cf. General Introduction, II. (2), (*e*), (*δ*).

257. **Then made** etc., then he clapped his hands and rubbed them together in his glee.

260. **The birds were warm,** the game that he had poached was found fresh-killed in his possession. Cf. Shaks. *Romeo and Juliet*, v. iii. 175: "Here lies ... Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead."

263. **This blacksmith border-marriage,** a Gretna Green marriage. Gretna is a Scotch village close to the border between England and Scotland, and was famous as the place where for many years runaway marriages were contracted; since, according to Scotch law, parties could be married by making a mutual declaration before witnesses of their willingness to marry, without license, banns, or priest. John Paisley, known as "the blacksmith," who officiated at these marriages, lived on a common or green between Gretna and Springfield. An Act of Parliament, passed in 1856, made these marriages illegal.

264. **Raw from the nursery,** *i.e.* quite a young girl, who seemed to have only just left the nurse's care.

265. **That cursed France** etc., *i.e.* this marriage is one of the results of the French Revolution, and its doctrine that all are equal in social standing. The time of the poem is supposed to be 1793, when the French Revolution of 1789 was at its height (see ll. 464, 760-768). **egalities** is the anglicised plural of the French word *egalité*, equality. The motto of the French Republic was "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and by his "Rights of Man," Lafayette demanded the actual equality of every individual. In July, 1790, the National Assembly carried by acclamation a decree abolishing all titles of nobility in "a land of natural freedom and equality." Cf. *Beautiful City*, 2: "O you with your passionate shriek for the rights of an equal humanity."

267. **With nearing chair** etc., (he said this) bringing his chair nearer to Sir Aylmer, and speaking in low, confidential tones.

268. **talk'd,** gossiped about the matter, which drew their attention.

271. **a notion,** an idea of marrying Edith.

272. **entangled,** inveigled into promising to marry Leolin.

273. **stiffening,** assuming a haughty demeanour.

274. **their differences,** *i.e.* in rank and station. See note to ll. 234, 235.

278. **for on her** etc. Edith was the first to experience the violent anger of Sir Aylmer and his wife at their discovery (implied in the term "watch'd" of the previous line).

280. **the Jephtha's daughter,** the picture of Jephtha's daughter. She was the first to meet her father after his return from victory

over the Ammonites, and so was sacrificed to God according to his vow. The picture was thus, as it were, prophetic of the fate of Sir Aylmer's daughter. See *Dream of Fair Women*, 181-240.

281. **Of early rigid colour**, painted with the hard colouring and rigid outlines characteristic of the Byzantine school, before Cimabue's time. **under which.** The picture was hung above the door-way.

282. **counter**, opposite; Lat. *contra*, against.

287. **the Powers of the House**, Sir Aylmer and Lady Aylmer.

289. **false**, painted, rouged.

290. **by his own stale devil spurr'd**, goaded to fury by his inveterate vice of family pride.

291. **breathing hard**, from passion and excitement. For the two *hards* in this line, see note to l. 487.

299. **Her sicklier iteration**, Lady Aylmer's feebler repetition of her husband's phrases.

300. **mark me**, observe what I say. **are to make**, are for making, have yet to be made or won. Similarly we say 'to make money' for 'to gain money.' *To make* is a gerundial infinitive expressing result.

301. **out of mine**, *i.e.* by marrying my daughter, an heiress.

302. **practised on her**, worked upon her feelings; deceived her by your arts and machinations. *Practise*, as used by Shakspere and Bacon, carries some sense of crafty or underhand dealing, which it still retains in the phrase, 'to practise upon a person.'

303. **forget herself**, forget her own position and dignity.

306. **Far as we track ourselves**, throughout the history of our family, going back, though it does, to such distant times.

312. **look'd into yourself**, examined your own feelings.

315. **prodigious!** monstrous. **These were words** etc., according to Sir Aylmer's own view of the matter, this statement of his showed immense forbearance on his part.

316. **As meted** etc., when considered in the light of his own dignity and importance.

318, 319. **'I So foul** etc., *i.e.* I to be so foul etc.; to think that I should be so foul etc. *Foul*, base, infamous.

321. **the wind-hover**, the Kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*), a bird of the hawk kind, so called from its hovering in the wind or remaining poised in the breeze ("hanging in balance") without fluttering its wings.

322. **reddening from the storm within.** The violence of his emotions sent the blood into his face and made it red.

323. **broke all bonds of courtesy,** completely violated the obligations of politeness.

326. **drove** etc., pushed the footstool violently away from in front of him with his feet.

328. **teeth that ground** etc. He ground his teeth together in his passion as people do when troubled with a nightmare.

329. **still,** all the time, continually.

330. **half-aghast.** The true spelling is *agast*, past participle of M. E. *agasten*, to terrify.

331. **lintel,** the beam over a door-way; Low Lat. *lintellus*, for *limitellus*, dim. of *limes*, *limitis*, a border.

332. **a hoary face** etc. His white hair made Sir Aylmer a fit object of reverence for his family.

333. **the hearth,** 'the fireside circle, the family'; abstract for concrete.

334. **Beneath a pale** etc. A contrast is drawn between the flushed and passionate face of Sir Aylmer and the pale, calm moon shining overhead. The wild mood of the man is emphasised by its want of harmony with his natural surroundings.

339, 340. **his passions ... motion,** 'his feelings being all in a state of violent excitement and directing his movements'—an absolute clause. For the metaphor from the tide of a river, cf. l. 218.

341. **bright,** with the moon-light.

342. **foam'd away his heart,** gave unrestrained vent to his angry feelings. Cf. Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, 1030, ἐξαφρίζεσθαι μένος, 'foams her fury away' (like a horse); and *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, 124:

> "Dash'd on every rocky square
> Their surging charges foam'd themselves away."

348. **He never yet had set** etc., he had never hitherto exposed his daughter for sale in our Western marriage markets, where our beautiful women let themselves be sold to the highest bidder (*i.e.* choose husbands for their wealth). The sentence means that he had never tried to get hold of a rich husband for his daughter. The allusion is to the actual sale, in the "woman-markets" of the East, of Caucasian girls for Turkish or Persian harems.

353. **What is** etc., what is the elegant (he is speaking ironically) euphemism Society uses to express the idea? The noun *jilt* (from which the verb is derived) is a contraction of *jillet*, diminutive of Jill, a common female name, short for Juliana.

354. **I say it for your peace,** I tell you this to show you that,

having been disappointed in love myself, I can sympathise with you in your love-trouble.

355. **as bearing** etc. Since he loved the woman, Averill felt himself humiliated by her shameful conduct.

361. **in all my fold**, among all my parishioners. Christ (Bible, *John* x. 14) described himself as the "good shepherd," His disciples as His "sheep" or "flock," and the Christian Church as "the fold of the sheep." Hence a clergyman is called a *pastor*, the Latin word for 'shepherd.' Cf. ll. 600, 631.

363. **whiter**, purer; so *whitest* = 'most innocent' above, l. 361. Cf. Henry Vaughan, *The Retreat*, 6: "a white, celestial thought."

366. **let her parents be**, leave them alone; never mind what they say or do.

371. **on it**, in dependence upon it; he would give them enough money to enable them to marry.

373. **wealthier**, not in money but in happiness at having done a good action.

374. **Mammon**, money-worship. *Mammon* (Syriac for 'wealth') was the Syrian god of riches answering to the Plutus of Greek and Roman mythology. Leolin declared that men and women, being prevented from marrying by money considerations, betook themselves to debauchery and prostitution. See ll. 388-391 below; and cf. *Locksley Hall*, 100:

"Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys."

375. **nature crost**, the thwarting of nature, *i.e.* by the prevention of marriages. For the construction, cf. l. 537 and note.

376. **adulteries**, taints, impurities.

377. **saturate**, pervade, fill with infection. **soul with body**, soul along with body.

378. **they might be proud**, they had good reason to be proud of it, since its worth consisted in its being borne by Edith. **rated**, scolded. Probably a different word from *rate*, to value.

381. **pheasant-lords**, these country gentlemen who had no higher aim than to preserve the game on their estates. Pheasants and partridges are the two principal English game-birds.

382. **of a thousand years**, these men who for a thousand years past had done nothing better than breed partridges.

383. **mildew'd in their thousands**, who had grown indolent and effete in the possession of great riches. *Mildew* is Old Eng. *meledeáw*, honey-dew, so named from the sticky appearance of some kinds of blight.

384. **Since Egbert**, since the time of Egbert, king of Wessex (802-839), by whom "the whole English race in Britain was for

the first time knit together under a single ruler" (Green). **the greater**, so much greater. This *the* is the old *thi* or *thê*, the instrumental case of *the* used as a demonstrative; as in '*the* sooner *the* better.'

385. **Fall back ... that**! to think that they should have recourse to their ancient lineage to support their dignity, and remain ignobly satisfied with that.

387. **a vantage-ground for nobleness**! what fools they are to act so, when they have so important a help (in high birth) towards noble action! *Vantage* is a short form of *advantage*.

388. **a quintessence of man**, one who comprised within himself all the best qualities of human nature. *Quintessence* (Lat. *quinta essentia*, fifth essence of nature) is the pure essence of anything, in allusion to the old theory of the existence of a superior fifth element, aether, in addition to the ordinary four—earth, air, fire, and water.

389. **The life of all**, one who infused his own energy and animation into all around him.

391. **Had rioted** etc., had killed himself by plunging into a career of dissipation.

393. **powers**, abilities.

395. **the world should ring** etc. Leolin declared that he would win such world-wide renown that the old, worn-out race of the Aylmers should be ashamed of their pride of ancestry in comparison with his achievements.

397. **Chancellor**, Lord High Chancellor of England, the first lay subject after the princes of the blood royal, and head of the legal profession.

398. **your grief**, *i.e.* the jilting etc. mentioned in ll. 354-357.

399. **Give me my fling**, let me have free scope to indulge my feelings; let me give them free utterance.

403. **like a storm**, *i.e.* violently, passionately. Cf. l. 215.

404. **How low** etc., that he was in a state of nervous prostration.

405. **beeswing**, old port wine. *Bee's-wing* is a thin, light film in port wine, indicative of considerable age, so called from its resemblance to the wing of a bee, and is here put for the wine itself. **binn**, a chest for storing wine. The usual modern spelling is *bin*. The Middle English form is *binne*.

406. **the waning red**, the gradual change from a red to a rich brown colour that takes place in port wine with advancing age. Age improves the flavour of wine.

407. **The vintage**, *i.e.* the year on which the vine-crop of which it was made was gathered. The year was the date when the present Sir Aylmer reached the age of twenty-one.

409. **flamed and fell again,** became once more passionately excited and then quieted down.

410. **That much** etc., that we ought readily to excuse people's failings ; we must not be too hard on them. This conclusion results from the mellowing influence of the wine.

412. **his purpose held,** his purpose was unchanged, he still determined to carry out his purpose (of making himself a name) ; see l. 394.

425. **Which breaks all bonds but ours,** *i.e.* the rupture between myself and the Aylmer family renders all bonds of friendship, loyalty etc. between me and them void ; the only bond that remains is that of love between you and me.

426. **Sacred,** devotedly bound.

428. **The rain of heaven** etc. The repetition is justified by the additional emphasis it gives, and by the new phase of feeling introduced in the repeated phrase by the striking epithet *careless*, pointing, as it does, to the unsympathetic attitude of Nature towards human sorrow. Cf. the gorgeous picture of the "beauteous hateful isle" in *Enoch Arden* (ll. 568-575), in contrast with the lonely desolation of Enoch, who "dwelt with eternal summer ill-content." For an instance of emphatic repetition, cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 1021-2 :

> "So he with difficulty and labour hard
> Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he."

And for one of repetition with an added notion, cf. *Ib.* 558-560 :

> "(Others) reason'd high
> Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute."

Cf. also *Enoch Arden*, 507, 508 :

> "So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
> Merrily rang the bells and they were wed."

431. **roar'd the pine,** *i.e.* with the wind in its branches. Another touch pointing to the aloofness of Nature from their trouble.

433. **known but smatteringly,** that we had only a superficial knowledge of previously. The old verb *smatter*, from which the noun *smattering* comes, is connected with *smack*, a noise made with the lips, and hence a gabbling or prating.

436. **That codeless myriad** etc. These lines describe the complexity of English Law with its undigested mass of precedents (*i.e.* previous parallel cases upon which judgments in a new case are based) and its medley of unclassified cases. Hallam has described it as the accumulation of statute on statute and precedent

on precedent, "till no industry can acquire nor any intellect digest the mass of learning that grows upon the panting student."

438. **wit or fortune**, cleverness or good luck.

441. **Lightning** etc., play of humour, sparkling and evanescent. Scan :

Lightning | of the hoúr, | the pún, | the scúrri|lous tále.

Notice the quick movement of the rhythm in the first two feet, echoing the sense ; and cf. General Introduction, p. xix. (β).

442. **Old scandals** etc. Old scandals (contained in law-cases etc.) of seventy years ago, which have been forgotten in the accumulation of fresh scandals, now also forgotten and followed by the current scandal, which is itself destined to be forgotten. For **decads**, see l. 82 and note.

445, 446. **bent ... To make**, poetic for 'bent (*i.e.* determined) upon making.' **To make disproof of scorn**, to prove how unjust was the scorn with which he had been treated.

448. **Charier**, more sparing (than others).

449. **a breathing-while**, a period of cessation from work.

450. **niggard**, scanty ; an adjective here.

451. **the river-bank**, the bank of the Thames.

452. **Harder the times were** etc. In 1793, the supposed date of this poem, there was much poverty and distress among the labouring classes in consequence of the low rate of wages and the high price of wheat. The state of English prisons, which were haunts of misery and cruelty, was not improved till the following year, through Howard's exertions. The criminal law was most severe : a petty theft was punishable by death ; and before Sir Robert Peel's Acts of 1824 nearly one hundred felonies were capital offences.

453. **according**, *i.e.* in harmony with the times.

455. **the gardens of that rival rose**, the Temple Gardens (see note to l. 105). It was here that Shakspere (1 *Henry VI.* II. iv.) represents Richard Plantagenet as plucking a white rose, and the Earl of Somerset a red, and calling upon those present to do the same in token of adhesion to his cause. Cf. ll. 50-52.

456. **Yet fragrant** etc. The roses kept their fragrance for Leolin, because his heart was softened and refined by the happy memories of his talks with Edith.

458. **Far purelier**, [when the city was smaller and less smoky. H. T.]

459. **to flush his blood with air**. A graphic allusion to the process by which the venous blood, in its passage through the lungs, is subjected to the action of the air and arterialised. *To flush* means "to freshen," or perhaps "to redden" in allusion to

the fact that the venous blood, which is of a dark crimson colour, becomes florid or scarlet in passing through the lungs.

460. **My lady's cousin**, the "Indian kinsman" of l. 190.

461. **Half-sickening** etc. He had retired on pension, and was half-tired of his long days of leisure.

462. **Drove in upon**, came rushing in; burst in upon him.

463. **Ran a Malayan amuck** etc., made a furious and indiscriminate attack, in the Malay fashion, upon the existing state of things. *Amuck* is the Malay word *ámuk*, a kind of mania or uncontrollable fury among the Malays and other natives of the East, which is often produced by *bhang*, and under the influence of which a man rushes madly onward, dagger in hand, striking at every one he meets. The phrase "to run a muck" is common, the *a* being detached from *muck* as if it were the indefinite article. Cf. Pope, *Satires*, I. 69, 70:

> Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
> To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet."

The original reading of the text, as late as 1874, was "a Malayan muck"; cf. Dryden, *The Hind and the Panther*, III. 1187-8:

> "Frontless, and satire-proof, he scours the streets,
> And runs an Indian muck at all he meets."

464. **Had golden hopes** etc. He believed that the French Revolution would bring liberty and prosperity to France and all the world. See note to l. 265.

465. **those at home**, the Aylmer family.

466. **With a heaved shoulder** etc. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled pertly,—signs of careless and slightly contemptuous indifference. The "saucy smile" shows his suppressed amusement at Leolin's love for Edith. ['Shrugged' is an ugly word. H. T.]

467. **fain had haled**, would have gladly hauled or dragged. *Fain* is an adverb here. Cf. l. 805. *Hale* is an older form of *haul*, and occurs in *The Princess*, IV. 252; *Walking to the Mail*, l. 83; *Boädicea*, l. 55. **the world**, society.

468. **air'd him**, refreshed him; taken him out of his solitude. **nearer**, more intimate.

469. **Screw not** etc., do not put too great a strain upon your strength of body and mind for fear it should break down under it. The metaphor is from the screwing up of the string of a musical instrument to a greater tension than it will bear. The figure is probably a similar one in Shaks. *Macbeth*, I. vii. 60: "Screw your courage to the sticking-place." This line prepares us for the hint given later on (ll. 715-717) that Leolin's subsequent suicide was due to temporary insanity.

471. **From where** etc. He wore the dagger, as a love-token, next his heart. **worldless**, unworldly, simple, honest.

472. **Kissing his vows** etc. He kissed the dagger in attestation of his true love, as a knight kisses his sword to ratify a vow that he has taken. Cf. Shaks. *Rape of Lucrece*, 1842, 1843:

"This said, he (Collatine) struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end (*i.e.* ratify) his vow."

473. **benchers**, senior members of an Inn of Court, who are the governing body of the Society and have control over students for the bar.

475. **heart ... helped head**, his simple, unworldly nature and his love for Edith made his intellect clearer.

476. **far between**, coming at long intervals.

479. **Charm'd him** etc., acted like a charm to guide him through all the labyrinths or perplexities of his legal studies. See ll. 435-437.

480. **a light**, a prospect of success.

481. **they that cast** etc., explained in the next line by the word *begetters*. **cast**, moulded; set her spirit in its mould of flesh. Cf. *To J. S.*, 3, 4:

"Gently comes the world to those
That are cast in gentle mould."

483. **To sell her**, to give her in marriage to a rich suitor. See ll. 347-349. With the scathing irony of this line compare that of l. 781. For the repetition of **good**, see note to l. 487.

484. **Whatever eldest-born** etc., every heir to high rank or large property that they could get hold of.

487. **wooing him to woo.** A good instance of one of the characteristics of Tennyson's style, consisting in a sort of sound-play,—the repetition of a word in the same or in a slightly different sense. This epigrammatic iteration has a peculiarly emphatic effect. Cf. ll. 59 (*call'd*), 67 (*joyful*), 193, 194 (*fair*, *fairer*), 232 (*pleasure*, *please*), 249, 250 (*love*, *loved*), 291 (*hard*-ridden, *hard*), 483 (*good*), 499 (*hunters*, *hunted*), 718 (*shame*). Also *Guinevere*, 309, 310:

"Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd hands,
Shame on her own *garrulity garrulously*."

And *Queen Mary*, II. 2:

"Under *colour*
Of such a cause as hath no *colour*."

It is employed by other poets, as Milton, *Par. Lost*, IX. 11: "That brought into this *world* a *world* of woe; Byron, *Prisoner of Chillon*, VI.: "The very *rock* hath *rock'd*;" Cowper, *Task*,

IV. 399: "With all this *thrift* they *thrive* not; and Spenser, *Faery Queen*, I. x. 45:

"There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to *rest*,
That to the *rest* more able he might bee."

488. **month by month.** See note to l. 806.

489. **distant blaze,** the bright light of their dinner-lamps seen in the distance.

490. **wirer.** See note to l. 539. Poachers use snares made of wire to entrap hares. The adjective **nightly** has two meanings, containing the notion of either (1) 'by night, during the night,' (as here), or (2) 'every night, night after night.'

491. **Falter,** hesitate (through fear of discovery). The word has the same derivation as *fault*, from Lat. *fallere*, to beguile.

492. **Sullen, defiant, pitying, wroth.** These epithets describe the different moods of the suitors upon their rejection.

494. **the folly taking wings** etc., the report of the foolish affair began to spread beyond the bounds of the "sleepy" (l. 45) Aylmer village, and was carried by rumour into the neighbouring districts.

495. **down the wind,** forth, away; like a bird borne along by the wind. Cf. Cowper, *Progress of Error*, 333 (of the "eagle-pinioned Muse"): "Down, down the wind, she swims and sails away."

497, 498. **mockery ... laughter,** *i.e.* a subject of mockery ... a subject of laughter. **yeomen,** small farmers. **over ale,** as they drank beer together.

499. For **hunters** followed by **hunted,** see note to l. 487.

500. **cordon,** the enclosing circle (of hunters or beaters). **toward the death,** with the object of killing the game.

503. **the wealthier farms,** *i.e.* lest she should meet or hear of Leolin there.

504. **her own home-circle of the poor,** the poor people belonging to her own village whom she visited. Cf. ll. 147, etc.; 683, etc.

507. **amulet,** magical charm, mysterious influence. *Amulet* is from Arabic *hamala*, 'he carried'; hence, 'a thing carried.'

509. **the brand of John.** The tree had been branded with the letters I. R. (=*John Rex* or King), denoting that it had been so marked in the reign of King John. The marks thus burnt into the bark of the tree had been concealed from view by the overgrowth of fresh bark, which, falling off centuries after, had disclosed the ancient brand. A writer in *Notes and Queries* (Sept. 25, 1880) tells us of a tree that was cut down in Sherwood Forest, which bore a cipher indicating King John's reign. The

mark was eighteen inches within the tree, and a little more than a foot from the centre. Other trees cut down on the same occasion were incised or stamped with marks of the reigns of James I., and of William and Mary. Oaks and yews attain to a great age; "William the Conqueror's Oak" in Windsor Park is known to be at least 1200 years old.

511. **The broken base** etc. [The trunk of the tree was hollow and decayed with only one branch in leaf. H.T.]

513. **the manorial lord**, the lord of the manor or estates, *i.e.* Sir Aylmer. In feudal times a manor was a grant of lands from the king to a baron which carried with it the right of jurisdiction.

514. **millennial**, lit. a thousand years old; *i.e.* very ancient. **touch-wood dust**, dust or powdered debris of decayed and rotten wood. *Touch* in *touch-wood* is a corruption of the Middle Eng. *tache*, tinder for receiving sparks struck by a flint.

515. **Found ... a bitter treasure-trove**, made a painful discovery. Notice the oxymoron, as in *Maud*, II. 6: "faultily faultless"; *The Defence of Lucknow*, VI.: "the pitiful-pitiless knife." Cf. Horace's (*Carm.* III. xi. 35) *splendide mendax*, 'nobly false'; and Sophocles's (*Antig.* 74) ὅσια πανουργήσασα, 'having committed a righteous crime'; and *Lancelot and Elaine*, 872, 873:

> "His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
> And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

Also Shaks. *Richard III.* IV. iv. 26:

> "Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost."

In *treasure-trove*, *i.e.* treasure found, *trove* (Old Fr. *trové*) is properly a dissyllable.

516. **Burst his own wyvern**, broke the seal of the letter which was stamped with the Aylmer crest. See note to l. 17.

517. **Writhing**, in a torture of indignation.

521. **To him that fluster'd** etc., to Sir Aylmer who confused and frightened the feeble-minded rustic. **parish wits**, the low intelligence of an ordinary villager.

523. **To play their go-between**, to act as messenger between them.

525. **Soul-stricken.** The common word is *heart-stricken*, *i.e.* conscience-stricken;—an instance of Tennyson's avoidance of the commonplace; see General Introduction, II. (2), (*d*).

526. **lean heart**, meanness, cowardice. **Miserable** qualifies *heart*.

527. **a despot dream**, a dream of the performance of some act

of tyranny. Hence he is described as "panting," when he woke, with excitement and passion caused by the dream.

529. **the black republic**, the flock of rooks which had their nests on the elm-trees of his park. Similarly in *The Brook*, 127, pigeons are described as "in session on the roofs," as though assembled in parliament. Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man*, iii. 183, 184:

> "Learn each small People's genius, policies,
> The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees."

530. **Sweeping the frothfly from the fescue.** The *Froth-fly* (also called Froth-worm and Frog-fly) is a small insect which in its larva state is found on plants, enveloped in a frothy, saliva-like liquid. The *fescue* (*Festuca*) is the name of a very extensive genus of grasses. The one mentioned here is the Meadow Fescue (*Festuca pratensis*), a valuable pasture grass. Sir Aylmer's feet, passing through the long grass, brushed these frothy formations from its leaves.

532, 533. **who made A downward crescent** etc. Her mouth formed a curve like a crescent moon with its horns pointing downwards. **minion** is from the French *mignon*, neat, spruce. The word is used with a touch of scorn.

534. **Listless in all despondence**, indifferent in her feeling of complete inability to do anything to help matters.

535. **As if the living passion** etc. Sir Aylmer tore the love-letter as vindictively as if it were not merely a record of strong and living affection but an actual living object which could feel his rough usage.

537. **at his own great self defied**, at the defiance of his own great self: a Latin construction like *post urbem conditam*, 'after the founding of the city.' Cf. Milton's "after summons read" (*Par. Lost*, i. 797). Cf. ll. 375, 776.

538. **striking-on ... scorn.** His reading was interrupted by expressions he met with which excited his utmost impatience and contempt.

539. **babyisms**, childish talk such as lovers use. The word, in this sense, like *sallowy* (l. 147), *wirer* (l. 490), *idioted* (l. 590), seems to be of Tennyson's coinage. See General Introduction, II. (2), (*d*). **dear diminutives**, diminutives expressive of endearment; short pet names. Cf. the "little language" of Swift in his letters to Stella.

541. **like a chidden child.** Cf. Shelley, *Stanzas Written in Dejection*, iv.:

> "Yet now despair itself is mild,
> Even as the winds and waters are;
> I could lie down like a tired child."

542. **hush'd itself**, *i.e.* Leolin, after complaining of Edith's silence, at last stopped writing to her.

547. **rustling** etc., moving about among the shrubs and bushes near the Hall, and so making a rustling noise, which caught the ear of the keeper.

548. **a keeper**, a game-keeper, who thought Leolin was a poacher.

549. **nor was it well for her**, she too had not a happy time of it.

556. **what possess'd him**, what strange influence made him do it. It seemed to himself a sort of infatuation.

558. **follow'd suit**, followed her husband's example.

559. **Seem'd hope's returning rose.** Her father's kiss, repeated ("seconded") as it was by her mother, made the prospect of things seem more hopeful to her. 'Rose-coloured' is a common synonym for 'hopeful, cheering.'

560. **A Martin's summer**, a second or autumnal period of summer weather coming just before winter. Mild weather often returns in England for a time near Martinmas or St. Martin's Day, the 11th of November. Cf. Shaks., 1 *King Henry VI.* I. ii. 131: "Expect St. Martin's summer, halcyon days." Shakspere also calls it "All Hallowen (*i.e.* All Saints', 1st Nov.) summer" in *1 King Henry IV.* I. ii. 177: "Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer!" Hence the line means 'A temporary revival of his lost affection.'

561. **ordeal by kindness.** She was tested by kind treatment, to see if she would yield to that. In old times there were several kinds of ordeals or tests to find out the guilt or innocence of accused persons; as the ordeal by wager of battle between the accused and his accuser, and the ordeal by water, often applied to supposed witches, who, if they sank, were accounted innocent, and if they floated, guilty.

562. **crost**, met, came across.

563. **flow'd in**, gave vent to. Cf. *To J. S.* 5-7:

> "And me this knowledge bolder made,
> Or else I had not dared to flow
> In these words toward you."

shallower acrimonies, bitter speeches of a more superficial character; petty taunts.

566. **Her charitable use**, her customary works of charity. See l. 504.

567. **silence**, *i.e.* on the part of Leolin, whose letters had ceased.

569. **some low fever** etc. The fever is personified as if it were

an invader on the look out for a weak point in the defences of a place, by which to make an attack upon it.

570. **a people or a house**, a community or a family.

571, 572. **Like flies ... hurting the hurt.** Cf. Bacon, *Essays*, XIII.: "Such men in other men's calamities, are, as it were, in season, and are ever on the loading part (*i.e.* they 'hurt the hurt'); not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores, but like flies that are still buzzing upon anything that is raw." Deer, when one of their number is sick or disabled, eject him from the herd. Cf. Shaks. *As You Like It*, II. i. 50 (of a wounded deer): "Left and abandoned of his velvet friends."

574. **And flung** etc., *i.e.* she had to take to her bed with a violent attack of fever.

577. **past**, passed away, died; the Aylmer family becoming extinct with her, its last representative.

578-580. **Star to star ... as at once**, one star sends waves of light to another star, however distant; so may not one soul communicate with another soul by means of some power or quality that it possesses still more delicate and impalpable than light; and so one soul, though far distant from the other, feel its sudden sympathetic touch? A similar instance of this supernatural sympathy or telepathy, as it is called, occurs in *Enoch Arden*, 609-611, where Enoch in his distant island hears the bells ringing for Philip's marriage with his wife Annie. Similarly Charlotte Brontë (*Jane Eyre*, Chaps. 35 and 37) represents her heroine as hearing, though far away, the wild cry of "Jane! Jane! Jane!" uttered by her lover, Mr. Rochester. Cf. *Demeter and Persephone*, 87-89:

"Last as the likeness of a dying man,
Without his knowledge, from him flits to warn
A far-off friendship (*i.e.* friend) that he comes no more."

582. **keen**, piercing. The shriek, of course, comes from Leolin's lips.

583. **Shrill**, sounded shrilly. *Shrill*, used as a verb, is a favourite word with Tennyson; cf. *Enoch Arden*, 175: "hammer and axe, auger and saw ... shrill'd and rang"; *Passing of Arthur*, 34; *Sir Galahad*, 5; *The Talking Oak*, 68; *Demeter and Persephone*, 60. For the rhythmic break, cf. General Introduction, II. (2) (*e*), (*a*), and *Passing of Arthur*, 41, 42:

"From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
Shrill'd."

585. **With a weird bright eye**, with a weirdly bright eye; with a strange, unearthly light in his eyes. The line should be scanned:

With a weird | bright eye, | swéating | and trém|b(e)líng.

By this scansion *trembling* is pronounced as a trisyllable, as with *warblings* in *Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere*, 34:

"By night | to ee|ry warb|(e)lings."

And Cowper, *Catterina*, 12:

"By the night|ingale warb|(e)ling nigh."

The usage is common in Shakspere; cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. iii. 84:

"O, how | this spring | of love | resem|b(e)leth,"

and *Coriolanus*, I. i. 159:

"You, the | great toe | of this | assem|b(e)ly."

See Abbott's *Shakes. Grammar*, § 477.

586. **crackling into flames**, starting up on end, like the flames of a briskly burning fire.

588. **his long arms**, his extended arms. So, Martial, *Epp.* VII. 20, has *longa dextra*, 'with right arm stretched to its full extent.'

590. **befool'd and idioted** etc., called a fool and an idiot by the other in bluff friendliness. See note to l. 539.

594. **A breaker**, a revealer. *Break*, in this sense, is always used of news or information that requires care or delicacy in the telling.

595. **edged with death**, black-edged. "Mourning note-paper," here used to convey to Leolin the news of Edith's death, has a black border round it.

596. **him**, the dead man, Leolin. **himself**, the Indian kinsman.

597. **with no bandit's**, not with a bandit's blood (see ll. 225-231) as it had been before, but with the true and noble-hearted Leolin's. *Bandit* (Ital. *bandito*) is properly one who is *banned* or outlawed.

599. **his death**, his dead body. Cf. *life* for *living thing*, *Enoch Arden*, 75; *birth* for *thing born*, Wordsworth, *Immortality Ode*, II. 7.

600. **his flock**, his congregation, his parishioners. See l. 361 and note.

601. **the years which are not Time's**, *i.e.* he was aged not by the lapse of time, but by grief at Leolin's fate. Cf. Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*, whose "hair was gray, but not with years."

602. **many thousand days** etc., his life was shortened by several years through the terrible shock.

604. **the second death**, *i.e.* the death of Leolin. The recent

death of Edith made Leolin's death affect her but little, else she, being one of the indirect agents that caused it, would have hesitated to ask his brother to preach her daughter's funeral sermon.

606. **to find** etc., to suggest texts or portions of Scripture to Averil for him to use as the mottoes of his sermons. [It is implied that she had given Averill the text he preached from. H. T.]

607. **harrow'd,** distressed, wrung with grief.

609. **Darkly that day rose** etc., [a day without sun, the only faint resemblance of sunshine being the bright yellow of the faded autumn leaves. H. T.]

615. **hamlets.** *Hamlet* is the old *ham,* home, with the double diminutive suffix *-let.*

617. **widely murmur'd,** talked of with disapproval all over the district.

618. **Their own gray tower** etc. The church-people of the neighbouring villages left their own churches, and the Nonconformists left their own chapels, to come and hear Averill's sermon. The former, as being more in sympathy with the bereaved man and Edith (who were church-people) and knowing them better, wore full mourning; the latter had only some bit of black about them as a token of their sorrow. **plain-faced tabernacle,** homely, unadorned place of worship (as opposed to the more ornamental Church). *Tabernacle* is the name given to the building used by the Jews for worship in their desert journey; and hence is applied to (Nonconformist) places of worship generally.

621. **one night,** a universal blackness; being draped all over the interior with black velvet hangings, as is customary at the funeral service of a person of importance.

622. **greenish glimmerings,** [greenish glass of the lancet-windows. H. T.] **lancets,** lancet-windows; high and narrow windows pointed like a lancet. They are a marked characteristic of the early English style of Gothic architecture.

623. **tower'd,** *i.e.* in the pulpit of the church.

624. **with his hopes in either grave.** With the deaths of Leolin and Edith, all his hopes of the future were gone.

625. **Long o'er his bent brows** etc. A clergyman, on entering the pulpit to preach, bends his head in a silent, preliminary prayer. Averill prayed thus with his hand over his face for so long a time that it seemed as if his face were attracted by some magnetic power to his hand, from which at last, ashy-pale, he withdrew it.

627, 628. **labour'd thro' His brief prayer-prelude,** said with difficulty the short opening prayer.

628. **gave the verse,** read out the verse of the Bible as the text of his sermon.

629, 630. '**Behold** etc. See Bible, *Matthew*, xxiii. 38. The words are uttered by Christ in his lament over Jerusalem, and prophesy the approaching destruction of her temple and her capture and desolation by the Romans.

632. **from his height** etc. The greatness and loneliness of his grief gave force and passion to his words, as a stream gains impetus by falling from a height.

633. **Bore down in flood** etc., gave free vent to his pent-up feelings, and indignantly denounced the mischief and ruin that is wrought in the world. A similar metaphor occurs in ll. 115, 116.

635. **Never since** etc., *i.e.* never since the Deluge, when for their sins, all mankind were drowned except eight persons, viz., Noah and his wife and his three sons with their wives. See Bible, *Genesis*, vi., vii. **our bad earth.** *Bad* is emphatic here—'our earth on account of its badness.'

636. **rolling o'er the palaces of the proud.** Cf. Milton's (*Par. Lost*, xi. 747-749) description of the Deluge:

> "All dwellings else
> Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
> Deep under water roll'd."

639. **When since** etc. This is a rhetorical question, the understood answer to which is 'Never.' Hence it is equivalent to the 'Never since' of l. 634, which it replaces. Cf. "has often" followed by "how often," ll. 699, 700, below.

640-643. **the idolatries ... in the Highest?** The idolatrous practices, which (whether as the worship of images or of man's own lusts) in consequence of men's low and unenlightened ideas about religion, exalted their false objects of devotion to the place of the Deity, and in professing to worship Him worshipped only their own errors and vices. "The Highest" is several times used in the Bible as a synonym for God. See *Psalms*, xviii. 13, etc. **shot up** etc. In a cloudy sunset, shafts of shadow are often shot up into the zenith.

644-646. '**Gash thyself ... thy God.** In the earlier times when coarse idolatry, such as that of Baäl, was prevalent, the priests cut themselves with knives in honour of their god, and in their penances worshipped the worst qualities of their own nature, since they attributed those worst qualities to their deity. See Bible, *1 Kings*, xviii. 28, where the priests of Baäl are said to "cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets

till the blood gushed out upon them." **Baäl**, meaning *lord, master*, was the principal male deity of the Phœnicians.

647-649. **Then came a Lord ... the rose.** Christianity then took the place of pagan idolatry, and men pictured to themselves the dawn of a milder and happier epoch. Cf. the description of the peaceful kingdom of Christ in Bible, *Isaiah*, xi. 6: "The calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." And *ib.* xxxv. 1: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

650. **Crown thyself** etc. Weak and miserable man now glorifies himself, and worships, instead of Baäl, his own low desires and pleasures. For **worm** applied to man, cf. Bible, *Job*, xxv. 6: "Man, that is a worm."

651. **blockish God of acreage**, An allusion to the Roman god Terminus, who presided over the boundaries of estates, and was represented without arms or feet. *Acreage*, collection of acres; landed estates; cf. *flowerage*, l. 203. Tennyson has also *fruitage, garlandage, scaffoldage, sackage, achage, rummage.*

653. **Thy God is far diffused** etc., instead of an individual idol, man now worships a wide-spread deity in the shape of parks and mansions and money and titles and pedigrees.

655. **living gold**, gold that seems alive, because, being put out to interest, it keeps growing and increasing in amount. The living principle in money is that it can of itself reproduce money. The simple-hearted Edmund in *The Brook* (l. 7) thought money "a dead thing."

656. **title-scrolls**, [title-deeds. H. T.] **gorgeous heraldries** splendid coats of arms.

659. **Thou wilt not gash** etc., you practise no self-mortification in the worship of this god.

659. **Fares richly** etc., like the worldly rich man in Christ's parable who "was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day" (Bible, *Luke*, xvi. 19).

659, 660. **not a hair Ruffled upon the scarfskin**, you are so softly and delicately clad that not even a hair of your skin is discomposed. *Scarfskin* is the epidermis or outer surface skin.

661, 662. **The deathless ruler ... cannot die**, the immortal soul that directs and controls your mortal body is corrupted by your sensuality, and so doomed to eternal damnation. The representation of the human body as the house or mansion of the soul is common in literature; cf. Shaks. *Tempest*, I. ii. 457-459, where Miranda says of Ferdinand:

> "There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
> If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
> Good things will strive to dwell with 't."

And *The Promise of May*, II. :

> " O this mortal house,
> Which we are born into, is haunted by
> The ghosts of the dead passions of dead men."

Again, *St. Agnes' Eve*, 19 :

> " So in mine earthly house I am."

Cf. also Tennyson's poem, *The Deserted House*, meaning the dead body.

663. **thou numberest**, thou art numbered ; you profess to be a follower of Christ.

664. "**Leave all and follow me.**" Christ's words to the rich young man were " Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, ... and come, follow me." And Peter says to Christ afterwards, "Lo, we have left all and followed thee." See Bible, *Luke*, xviii. 22, 28.

665. **with His light about thy feet**, with the knowledge of Jesus Christ to guide your steps. The old Baäl-worshippers had not your enlightenment and are therefore more excusable than you.

666. **with His message** etc., familiar as you are with Christ's command to His followers to lead unworldly lives.

667. **thy brother man**, *i.e.* the incarnate Christ. Cf. Bible, *Hebrews*, ii. 17 : " Wherefore in all things it behoved him (*i.e.* Jesus) to be made like unto his brethren " (*i.e.* mankind).

668. **Born of** etc. Christ's mother, the Virgin Mary, belonged to the village of Nazareth. His reputed father, Joseph, was a carpenter. See Bible, *Luke*, i. 26, 27 ; *Matthew*, xiii. 55.

669. **Wonderful** etc. Cf. Bible, *Isaiah*, ix. 6 : " His (*i.e.* the promised Messiah's) name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace."

670. **the two**, *i.e.* the worshippers of Baäl and the worshippers of their own lusts. Cf. Bible, *Colossians*, iii. 5 : " Covetousness, the which is idolatry."

671, 672. **passing through the fire Bodies.** As was done in the worship of Moloch. Cf. Bible, *Jeremiah*, xxxii. 35 : " They built the high places of Baal, ... to cause their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire unto Molech " ; and Milton, *Par. Lost*, I. 392-6 :

> " First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
> Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears ;
> Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
> Their children's cries unheard, that past through fire
> To his grim idol."

672-674. **thro' the smoke, The blight ... likeness.** *Blight* is

to be taken in apposition with *smoke*. The passage means that the modern worldling is crueller than the old Moloch-worshipper because, while the latter burnt the bodies, the former destroys the souls of his children by subjecting them to the corrupting influence of mean aims and ambitions, and so makes his children as depraved as himself.

675. **Thy better born** etc., one of a higher nature than you, who is unhappy in being the child of such a parent as you are.

676. **grow straight and fair**—, grow up to be high-principled and pure-hearted. Observe the aposiopesis. Words like "You know what would be such a child's fate from what has happened to Edith," are implied.

677. **I was bid.** See ll. 607, 608.

679. **Fairer than Rachel** etc. See Bible, *Genesis*, xxix. 1-10, where the first meeting of Jacob and Rachel at the well of Haran is described. **palmy well**, well surrounded with palm-trees.

680. **Fairer than Ruth** etc. See Bible, *Ruth*, ii. 2-17, for the story of Ruth's gleaning corn in the fields of Boaz. Cf. Hood, *Ruth* :

> "She stood breast-high amid the corn,
> Clasp'd with the golden light of morn," etc.

681. **Fair as the Angel** etc. See Bible, *Luke*, i. 28: "And the angel (Gabriel) came in unto her (Mary), and said, Hail, thou that art highly-favoured, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women."

683. **For so mine own** etc. As the angelic presence filled Mary's house with divine radiance, so Edith's coming lighted up our homes with joy. *For* = I say "sudden light," for such was the effect upon my own house.

684. **that beam of Heaven**, the welcome, blessed presence of Edith.

687. **child of shame**, illegitimate child.

688. **The common care** etc. A version of the well-known saying, "Whom every one cares for no one cares for." A child who has no special claim upon any one's care gets little or no care bestowed upon him.

689-691. **wasting his forgotten heart ... In gambols**, giving vent to his neglected feelings of affection in play with Edith, as though she were his mother. See l. 109 and note.

692. **Had such a star of morning** etc., there was such a gentle and cheering look in her blue eyes. So Tennyson (*Dream of Fair Women*, 91) has "The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes" for the calm and gentle looks of sorrow in them.

693. **all neglected places** etc., all those who were lonely and uncared for by their fellow-men were instinctively filled with joy at the sight of her. Cf. Bible, *Isaiah*, lii. 9: "Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem."

695. **Low was her voice.** Cf. Shaks. *King Lear*, v. iii. 272-3:

> "Her (Cordelia's) voice was ever soft,
> Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

695-697. **won mysterious way ... silence.** It was strange how nearly deaf persons, to whom a loud voice was almost inaudible, could hear her soft accents.

697. **free of alms,** liberal in giving alms. *Alms*, a contraction of the old trisyllabic *almesse* (from Latin *eleëmosyna*) is properly singular.

698. **The hand** etc. See above, l. 151, etc.

701. **laid ... smooth,** smoothed and arranged his pillow when he was ill of fever. Tennyson uses *feverous*, rather than the weaker form *feverish*, in *Enoch Arden*, 230. The word occurs four times in Shakspere.

703. **burthen.** Tennyson prefers this, the older, spelling to the commoner *burden*. See also l. 612.

704. **spiritual doubt,** religious difficulty or perplexity.

705. **when some heat** etc., when a dispute broke out between you.

706. **glide between your wraths** etc., interpose between you when you were angry, and gently and quietly put a stop to the quarrel.

707. **walk'd,** led her life.

708. **Wearing the light yoke** etc., *i.e.* she was a disciple of the loving Jesus, whose mission was one of peace. Cf. Bible, *Matthew*, xi. 29, 30: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart ... For my yoke (*i.e.* service) is easy."

709. **Who still'd** etc. When Christ and his disciples were crossing the Sea of Galilee, a great storm beat upon the boat, and they appealed to Him for help. Whereupon He "arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm." See Bible, *Matthew*, viii. 23-27. The Sea of Galilee or Lake of Tiberias lies to the north-east of Palestine.

710. **one,** *i.e.* Leolin.

712. **he was worthy love,** he deserved to be loved. *Love* is to be parsed as in the adverbial objective case, after *worthy*, denoting value.

715-717. **this frail bark ... captain's knowledge,** in an extremity

of suffering, weak men may put an end to their lives without being guilty of self-murder, and even without knowing what they were doing. He suggests that his brother committed suicide in a moment of frenzy. The "pilot" and the "captain" represent the conscious self of the man (the "frail bark").

717. **hope with me,** share my hope that Leolin was not responsible for his deed.

718. **went hence with shame,** died a shameful death. For the repetition of *shame,* see note to l. 487.

719. **Nor mine the fault,** and I am not to be blamed.

720. **vacant chairs,** chairs in which the loved one will no longer sit. Cf. Longfellow, *Resignation,* 3, 4:

> "There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair!"

And *In Memoriam,* xx.:

> "To see the vacant chair, and think
> How good! how kind! and he is gone."

Also *To J. S.* 22, 23:

> "Two years his chair is seen
> Empty before us."

widow'd walls, house bereft of the loved inmates. Tennyson uses *widow'd* (for *bereft*) of "a dying king, Laid widow'd of the power in his eye" in *Morte d'Arthur,* 122, and of his heart in *In Memoriam,* LXXXV. So "widow'd hour" for 'hour of bereavement,' *ib.* XL.

723. **Sons of the glebe,** farm labourers, rustics; Lat. *adscripti glebæ,* those attached to the soil. The usual phrase is "sons of the soil"; in his avoidance of the commonplace, Tennyson substitutes *glebe* for *soil;* see General Introduction II. (2), (*d*). *Glebe* is the Lat. *gleba,* a clod of earth. Ordinarily the word means land belonging to a parish church or to an ecclesiastical benefice. **With other frowns** etc., *i.e.* their frowns were frowns of anger, and not such as those which contract the brow in the glare of sunshine.

724. **for summer shadow,** to shelter their eyes from the sun.

725. **it seem'd,** it seemed to himself.

726. **No pale sheet-lightnings** etc., when he saw that the preacher was not expressing mere general regret at what had happened, but was making a bitter personal attack upon him. Polemic oratory is often compared to thunder or lightning; cf. Milton, *Par. Regained,* IV. 270, 271, of the Athenian orators, who

> "Fulmin'd over Greece
> To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne."

And Aristophanes, *Acharnians,* 531, of Pericles: ἤστραπτ', ἐβρόντα,

ξυνεκύκα τὴν Ἑλλάδα, "he lightened, he thundered, he threw Greece into a ferment."

728. **Sat anger-charm'd from sorrow.** His anger acted as a spell upon him to prevent any indication of grief. **soldier-like,** holding his head high.

729. **when the preacher's** etc., when the tones of the preacher's voice softened as he described, one after another, the amiable qualities of Edith.

732. **twitch,** convulsive movement, indicative of emotion. **iron,** rigid, inflexible. For Tennyson's metaphorical use of this word, cf. *A Dream of Fair Women,* 106: "iron years"; *Maud,* Part I., XVIII. iv.: "iron skies"; *In Memoriam,* XC.: "an iron welcome."

733. **hold up,** retain his firmness.

734. **I shall shame** etc., *i.e.* by losing my self-control and giving vent to my feelings.

738. **O thou that killest** etc. The passage is adapted from Christ's reproachful lament over Jerusalem (see note to l. 629), Bible, *Matthew,* xxiii. 37: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee!" And *Luke,* xix. 42: "If thou hadst known, ... the things which belong unto thy peace!" The preacher applies Christ's reproach against the prophet-killing Jerusalem to Sir Aylmer's conduct towards his daughter—'Would that you, who have caused your daughter's death, had understood what was conducive to your own happiness and ours!'

741. **Is there no prophet** etc. Christ in the words quoted above refers to the Hebrew prophets, such as Zechariah, who was stoned at the commandment of King Joash for denouncing his idolatry (*2 Chronicles,* xxiv. 19-22), and John the Baptist, who preached in the wilderness of Judæa, "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (*Matthew,* iii. 2). But, Averill says, there are other prophets besides these; our own children, who are better Christians than ourselves and who, by their lives and conduct, call us from sin to godliness, are prophets and teachers to us.

743. **On the narrow way,** leading a Christian life. The reference is to Bible, *Matthew,* vii. 13, 14: "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction ... Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life."

745. "**Come up hither.**" Cf. Bible, *Revelation,* xi. 12: "And they (the two witnesses for God) heard a great voice from heaven saying unto them, Come up hither."

746. **Is there no stoning** etc., *i.e.* Edith and Leolin, though not actually stoned (as Zechariah was), have been killed by the harsh treatment they received.

748. **No desolation** etc., *i.e.* our homes have been desolated, not by sword and fire (as Jerusalem was), but by the loss of our loved ones, caused by human wilfulness and cruelty.

750. **darker, earthlier.** The loss of my brother has cast a gloom over my life and made me feel hard and unspiritual.

751. **he is past your prayers,** he is dead and therefore you cannot pray for him. Prayers for the dead are not recognised in the English Church.

752. **Not past** etc., but he is not beyond the reach of God's abundant mercy.

753. **long-suffering,** patient under wrong.

754. "**poor in spirit,**" humble-minded. Cf. Bible, *Matthew*, v. 3, where Christ says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

755. **Have twisted back** etc., men nowadays have become so haughty and self-opinionated, that the term "poor in spirit" has suffered a reaction in its meaning, and "poor-spirited" is now used in the sense of weak and cowardly. Similarly *silly* once meant "blessed"; and *simple*, "plain, artless," has gained the sense of "foolish." Cf. the Greek word *εὐήθης*, properly "good-natured, guileless," and then "silly." For the expression in the text, cf. *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, 235, 236:

> "Remember how the course of Time will swerve,
> Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward
> streaming curve."

And *Palace of Art*, 257:

> "Back on herself her serpent pride had curl'd."

758. **To blow** etc., to publish and denounce everywhere the cruel deaths of Edith and Leolin, who were sacrificed to the pride of Sir Aylmer. Cf. Shaks. *Macbeth*, I. vii. 21-24:

> "Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
> Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
> Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
> Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye."

759. **Sent like** etc. Cf. Bible, *Judges*, xix. 29. A Levite, whose concubine had been outraged by the men of Gibeah, divided her dead body into twelve pieces and sent them to all the tribes of Israel as a summons to avenge the wrong.

760. **out yonder,** *i.e.* in France. See note to l. 265. **earth Lightens** etc. The innate wickedness of the world (which is compared to the earth's central fires) is bursting out into a blaze in France.

762. **The red fruit** etc., the bloodshed resulting from a former

Baäl-worship (see ll. 650 etc., 670 etc.). The meaning is that the murder of the French nobility by the Revolutionists is the outcome of the former's previous luxury and greed, who "worshipped their own lusts."

763. **The heads** etc. In 1793, during the Reign of Terror, the guillotine was daily at work in Paris and other French cities. King Louis XVI. was beheaded on 21st January; Philip, Duke of Orleans, on 8th November.

764. **They cling together** etc. [He alludes to a report, more horrible than credible, that, when the heads were taken out of the sack, two were sometimes found clinging together, one having bitten into the other in the momentary convulsion that followed decapitation. H. T.]

765. **shambles**, a slaughter-house; lit. butchers' stalls, from M. E. *schamel*, a bench, Lat. *scabellum*, a foot-stool. **naked marriages** etc., naked men and women, tied to each other, are hurled from the bridges over the Loire. After the defeat of the insurrection in La Vendée, in the north-west of France, Carrier, the republican representative at Nantes, ordered numerous prisoners, tied up in sacks, to be thrown into the river Loire. These executions were called *Noyades*, or Drownings, and at first took place at night. But "by degrees, daylight itself witnessed Noyades: women and men are tied together, feet and feet, hands and hands; and flung in: this they call *Mariage Républicain*, Republican Marriage ... Dumb, out of suffering now, as pale swoln corpses, the victims tumble confusedly seaward along the Loire stream; the tide rolling them back: clouds of ravens darken the river; wolves prowl on the shoal-places" (Carlyle's *French Revolution*).

766. **ever-murder'd**, suffering under continual executions and massacres.

767. **shores that darken** etc., the packs of wolves that collect to feed on the corpses, form dark patches on the banks of the rivers. See note to l. 764. For *darken*, cf. Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, 401, 402:

> "Downward they move, a melancholy band,
> Pass from the shore and darken all the strand."

768. **the sick sea.** By the Pathetic Fallacy, the sea is represented as sick or disgusted at the blood which the rivers carry down to it.

769. **Is this a time** etc. This is not a fit time, when the lower orders in France are turning in wild rage upon the aristocracy, for me to add to the excitement by denouncing the crime of an English aristocrat.

770. **Was this a time** etc. With the dreadful example of

the French aristocracy before their eyes, surely this was not a fit time for the Aylmers to display their arrogance.

771. **Pharaoh's darkness**, *i.e.* a thick and palpable darkness, such as that which constituted the ninth plague of Egypt. See Bible, *Exodus*, x. 21-23. **folds**, enfolding darkness.

772. **Which hid the Holiest** etc., which, at the Crucifixion, hid Christ from the people's gaze shortly before He died. See Bible, *Matthew*, xxvii. 45, etc.

774. **our narrow world** etc., our small community cannot help discussing it. **canvass**, lit. 'to sift through canvas'; Gk. *κάνναβις*, Lat. *cannabis*, hemp.

776. **their own desire accomplish'd**, the accomplishment of their own desire; a Latin construction, cf. l. 537 and note.

777. **Their own gray hairs** etc., bring their aged lives to a sorrowful close. Cf. Bible, *Genesis*, xlii. 38, where Jacob, when asked to part with Benjamin, says "Then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

778, 779. **broke the bond ... times to come**, succeeded in severing the connexion between Edith and Leolin, whose marriage would have perpetuated the Aylmer family. For *bond*, cf. l. 425.

780. **wove coarse webs** etc., devised low and vulgar schemes to beguile their innocent daughter. The allusion is to the parents' attempts to "sell her for her good," related above, ll. 484, etc.

781. **Grossly**, in unseemly fashion, without delicacy. **dear daughter's good.** Observe the bitter irony of the expressions "dear" and "good" here, and cf. ll. 403, 848. *Good*, *i.e.* good according to their notions, but really harm.

782. **knew not what they did.** Adapted from Christ's prayer for His crucifiers, Bible, *Luke*, xxiii. 34: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

785. **left them bare**, have they not forfeited our love and reverence?

786. **take their heritage**, *i.e.* a stranger will be their heir. Cf. l. 779.

788. **one stone** etc. Their home will be rendered utterly desolate. The prophecy was literally fulfilled, since "the great Hall *was wholly broken down*" (l. 846). Cf. Bible, *Mark*, xiii. 2, where Christ, foretelling the destruction of the Temple, says: "There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."

793. **ere His agony**, shortly before the time of His anguish of spirit in the garden of Gethsemane.

794. **Not by the temple but the gold.** Cf. Bible, *Matthew*, xxiii. 16: "Woe unto you, ye blind guides, which say, whosoever

shall swear by the temple it is nothing; but whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple, he is a debtor!"—a passage in which Christ condemns the sophistical distinctions of the Scribes and Pharisees between valid and invalid oaths. The Aylmers are compared to these quibbling, self-deluding Pharisees, in their narrow, mistaken views of duty.

795. **Their own traditions God.** Cf. Bible, *Mark*, vii. 13, where Christ condemns the Pharisees for "making the word of God of none effect through your tradition." Similarly the Aylmers made an idol of their family pride.

796. **a world's curse**, execrated by mankind. Cf. Bible, *Isaiah*, lxv. 15: "Ye (the unfaithful Jews) shall leave your name for a curse unto my chosen."

797. "How like a heavy, dull refrain of prophetic grief and indignation recurs the dreadful text, 'Your house is left unto you desolate!'" (Van Dyke's *Poetry of Tennyson.*)

798. **brook'd**, could not endure; Old Eng. *brúcan*, to use, enjoy.

799. **her heart** etc., her feelings had been stirred and gave her no rest. **remorselessly**, unsparingly, unremittingly.

800. **crampt-up**, stifled, kept from outward manifestation, for fear she should "shame herself and him" (l. 734).

801. **unresisting**, listless, compliant; especially in not having dared to oppose her husband in regard to Edith. See ll. 28-30.

802. **their eyes**, the looks of the congregation.

803. **the curtains of their seat.** The squire of an English country parish has, or had in old times, a special pew, of large dimensions, often provided with curtains which run round the top of the sides. The old coloured curtains had been replaced by black ones in sign of mourning, and Lady Aylmer had taken care that these should be of the best velvet.

804. **of the costliest**, *i.e.* of the costliest kind. Cf. "When the room was at its fullest," where *state* is understood.

805. **fain had she**, she would have gladly. Cf. l. 467 and note.

807. **inch by inch.** The repetition of an action was denoted in Old English by repeating the adverbial phrase, as *by inch, by inch;* then the first *by* was omitted, and so we get *inch by inch.*

808. **Wifelike**, with the craving for sympathy and support characteristic of a wife. **he veil'd** etc. The gesture showed that his feelings were overcoming him.

812. **nave**, the middle or body of a church. From Lat. *navem*, accusative of *navis*, a ship, the early Christian Church being often likened to a ship tossed by waves.

814. **Seam'd**, wrinkled. **shallow**, trivial, petty.

815. **Lord of all the landscape.** Cf. l. 21 and note. *Landscape*, formerly *landskip*, contains the Dutch suffix *-schap* = Eng. -ship, as in *friendship*.

816. **last**, furthest, most distant.

818. **the middle aisle**, the middle of the aisle,—a Latinism, like *media urbs*, the middle city, *i.e.* the middle of the city. *Aisle*, a passage in a church, is from Lat. *ala*, a wing.

820. **to his death**, to the slaughter-house, where he was to be killed.

823. **finials**, the carved ornamental work on the top of the pointed ends of the pews, with which they are *finished* off (Lat. *finilis*, finishing, terminal).

824. **lychgate**, or *lich-gate*, corpse-gate, from Middle Eng. *lich*, a body, a corpse; a churchyard gate with a porch, under which, at a funeral, the bier was rested while the introductory part of the burial service was read. The word occurs in *lich-wake*, the wake or watch held over a corpse, and in the name of the English city, Lichfield.

825. **porch**, *i.e.* the porch or entrance of the church.

826. **the gate**, *i.e.* the lychgate, which led through the churchyard or burial-ground to the church itself.

827. **Save under pall with bearers**, except in their coffins. The coffin is covered with a black cloth or pall, which is held in the funeral procession of a great person, by pall-bearers. Cf. *Wellington Ode*, 6: "Warriors carry the warrior's pall."

829. **went to seek her child**, followed her child to the grave; died.

831. **the change and not the change**, the change in his life caused by the loss of his wife and child, unaccompanied by any change in his material surroundings. The oxymoron is like the Gk. *μήτηρ ἀμήτωρ*, 'a mother that is no mother' (Sophocles, *Electra*, 1154). Cf. "faith unfaithful" and "falsely true" (*Lancelot and Elaine*, 872), "born-unborn" (*Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, 98), and note to l. 515.

832. **those fixt eyes** etc. Cf. *The Day-Dream*, 43, 44:

> "Those old portraits of old kings,
> That watch the sleepers from the wall."

835. **Began to droop, to fall**, he grew feeble in body and mind.

837. **Dead**, *i.e.* mentally dead. As far as his intellect was concerned, he was dead two years before his actual death.

839. **His keepers,** his attendants who took care of him. He escaped them by dying.

840. **the narrow gloom,** the darkness of the narrow grave.

841. **wanted,** was without. **at his end,** at his funeral.

842. **The dark retinue** etc., the procession of mourners that attend the funeral of a rich man merely out of respect for his wealth and station. *Dark* means 'wearing black clothes' in sign of mourning. *Retinue* is accented on the second, instead of the first syllable, as in *The Princess,* III. 179:

"Went fórth | in lóng | retí|nue fóll|owing úp."

And *Guinevere,* 396:

"Of hís | and hér | retí|nue móv|ing thév."

Milton and Shakspere always accent the word in this way.

844. **a vanish'd race,** the extinction of his family.

845. **the violet** etc. [Some one strewed violets on the grave of Nero. H. T.]

847. **parcell'd,** divided, distributed.

848. **their daughter's good.** See notes to ll. 483, 781.

849. **the hawk's cast,** feathers, fur, or other indigestible matters ejected from the stomach by a hawk after he has devoured his prey. **his run,** the burrow or tunnel excavated by the mole, a small quadruped, which leads a subterranean life, feeding chiefly on earth-worms. **mole** is a curtailed form of the older *moldwarp,* mould-thrower.

850. **hedgehog,** a small, prickly-backed, insectivorous quadruped, which makes a hole or nest for itself six or eight inches deep. **plantain,** a common weed, with broad, strong leaves.

851. **fondles,** by passing his fore-paws over it.

852. **slow-worm** (or blind-worm), a reptile that feeds on earth-worms, insects, etc., [properly slay-worm. It was believed to be venomous. H. T.] **weasel,** a small animal with a thin, long body. It feeds on mice, rats, moles, and small birds.

853. The lines 849-853 admirably picture the complete desolation that marks the site of the "great Hall." It has become the familiar haunt and home of timid wild animals that shun any trace of human habitation.

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